

KARAOKE LIPSYNC OPERA

ANDREW K. PETERSON

white sky ebooks  
west hartford ct || puhos finland  
2012

karaoke lipsync opera  
copyright © by Andrew K. Peterson  
white sky ebooks  
west hartford ct || puhos finland  
2012

This and other fine ebooks of experimental literature can be found at:

<http://whiteskybooks.blogspot.com> and at  
[www.lulu.com/spotlight/whiteskybooks](http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/whiteskybooks)

Acknowledgements. Thank you to the editors of the small presses and journals where some of this writing first appeared: *Counterexample Poetics*, *Cricket Online Review*, *elimae*, *experimental-experiential-literature*, Fact-Simile Press, *Golden Lantern*, *otoliths*, and *Required Journal*.

Cover image: Untitled photograph by Edith Nelson. Courtesy of The Estate of Edith Nelson.

WSE06

## Contents

Karaoke Lipsync Opera

Brown to Blue

“31 branches”

bonjour meriwether & the rabid maps

Interior/Exterior – Form or Forms moving – Night or Day-for-Night

Abandoned Projects of the Greenway (Installation Notes)

Weather, not ocean

\$3.95 AS IS (Or, Highlighted Passages in a Used Copy of *Beneath a Single Moon: Buddhism in Contemporary American Poetry*)

Broken Words in *Meditations on Living, Dying, and Loss*

Diastic Dhammapada

Ten thousand x's and o's

Between the Banksys

Alternators

The Next Whole Earth Catalogue of Withdrawals

Ambiguous Gesture Towards an End Credit

Notes & Sources



## K•A•R•A•O•K•E L•I•P•S•Y•N•C O•P•E•R•A•

---

• **light of outs.** (*Antiphrasis*) what will one do if one won't go. to be held, taken  
a part-from form shot through to the day-for-night:

the llama comes over the taut Tibetan hill. the white man on horseback , addressing another “haven't  
seen one of you in years” . the foreign as dispossessed break-beats:

every sentence's two parts, ending at the part with the dream of The Holiday Inn, the child saw her first  
deer left the yard moving day. with no particular claims to location, or date, remember: a blond-haired  
boy with the egg in his head as full: blood between the bane as what of what root, beetles and wildfires.  
rhetoric of the day would call this a falsified 'ism'? in the frosting air, solid trees give silhouette to grey  
milk. not the memory, but a possible memory: climate refugees. ices as foundation of culture, here as  
one is weakening...

• **guts of ignition.** While writing this, on a Northbound train, later, keep thinking, “chowder and a  
beer”. At the end of the train ride, the desire being fulfilled without any outer acknowledgment of  
resistance that only coming from some nondescript guilt that I should: fulfill a quite easy and obtainable  
desire; and, that that desire should be so base, yet that metaphysical want should materialize in a nearly  
one-to-one translation from *word* to *thing* (in addition to a dinner roll, oyster cracker, caesar salad, and  
water) To finally return a belated email response to a friend, pausing to watch an obscured barback  
spoon cranberries into a holiday martini not meant for me, but soon desired. to come to this response,  
& until couldn't figure it quite out, but here sitting alone at the corner of a quiet Kendall restaurant,  
enjoying a chowder and winter lager, “under the canoes”

• **needle of eye.** The fluctuating appearances seethe with an audience's lust for vicariousness. “Such  
facts of life: stark events of scenario: factually unlikely, but imaginatively inevitable within in these  
plastic movements.”

• **mind of states.** begins in befuddlement and awkward fumbling within the body which is accompanied  
by shifting attention to consciousness – the same sort of awkward weight the body feels having just  
awoke following sleep ushered in by late-night jazz radio, wakefulness being ushered in by elegant  
classical quartets on same station in between an intricate vague dream of visiting a foreign country with  
family members... there being both a comfortable familiarity with your voice's tonality: an invigorating  
strangeness of being in a foreign country where you can't speak the language, so that all things and  
voices shimmer in the foreignness of being...

---

° **separation of pain.**

*Falling wishfulness*

A back  
to fall  
Manufacturing

To lay turning beside a  
holiday

The vengeance of wishfulness  
In wishfulness

My trembling decay  
Like a kindly keeper  
More unexpected than an adversity  
To get sleep  
and enmity

° **reality of republic.** as I said to my friend, can I be at one with the stunning above? the way a pothole belongs to the past. humble in the bone structure of the spirit. When telling a story in front of the theater the use of 'earlier' to justify late narrative. A crop with a handle feeds on a glass tent. To reveal where you live on like a monk's cloister emptied by bloodshed, by balloon or camel, oh yes. Reversals, through heavy conditioning, fingers trace the streamline; the whole body labors. Whatever happened to the coffin corner kick or, "many/and/various/mixes"

° **flock of lanterns.** make a white wave: "one night it snowed, the river turned blacker than ever and all the greenery and yellow colours vanished. The wind dropped and an overwhelming silence fell. Although it was half-light, the whiteness dazzled because it came from below and struck where the eye was unprotected. We walked along the railway embankment towards the Good Templars' hall. The grey sawmill crouched sagging and abandoned under the weight of all that white, the water in the pool rippled discreetly, and there was a thin layer of ice on the water nearest to the closed hatchways."

° **body of labors.** Across the lake, a gazebo, the play a pale-faced fugue. A cover song, in film, black and water and later, a color. A face remains its hue. It would, of course, be no different than had I been asked to attend to what was said. Where the text bodies its copies, meet. You, who are getting obliterated in the dancing swarm of fireflies. Two alephs touch beaks. The morning friends voices accumulate in verso. Considering the ethic of recycling their words, like calling in back up. The viewer was a momentary stifled by the reproduction of "untitled". In an unpaved alley, cairns of concrete and

---

rock. Unspoken documents delineate a time: the time before that. Approximate gutters: the spine of darkness curls. An exit sign obstructs the road view it empties onto.

\* **dismemberment of master.** the concept of museum not as a place where history (as/its object) goes to eternal rest behind a finely transparent ground sand, but rather is a site of re/enacting the past upon itself, - thru its evidences, its "thingness", - onto its future, as our present, and further onto the collective future. A doubling mirror effect presents a time's continuum... enact that as a positive gesture, as saying that *when C. is* inherent (and ever present, or possibly present) instinct *is* transformative, a liberating tracery...

▯ **tracery of center.** (*A wound*)  
wound(#) around the wound(#)

was wound(\*) with  
sound so wound(\*)  
so wound (#), so soon,  
my wound(#) was  
wound(\*) around the wound(\*)  
around the wound(\*),  
The wound (\*) wound (#)  
around the wound (#)  
around the wound (#)  
The wound (\*) wound (#) around the wound (#).  
So sound, so soon  
the wound (#). The wound (\*)  
wound wound (\*,\*)sound  
of soon wound (#), my  
soon wound (#) wound (\*)  
around-again-my-wound (\*) wound (#)wound (\*).

[pronunciation key: (#) woo-nd, as in boon; (\*) wow-nd, as in sound.]

° **flight of positions.** I remember a drive-in double feature: beyond the screen, the sun silhouetting cacti on blue desert air. The second feature a low budget horror film where a woman returns to her southern upbringing as caretaker in a 'haunted' home. Only one other car in the dusty lot, engine idling on high beam. Later another donuts through; kids merging with the first, they party. Watching it all, in sad recognition leaving that age from the hood while insufferable dialogue plays itself out, leaving wishing I could climb the scrolling credits: a burning ladder into night...

\* **continuous of bird.** Cages for singing/fighting crickets: one sleepless, one sleeper. Her breath is his, too. Safety from window pummels. In their own heads grow more than the moans of animals. The

---

injustice of it orders. Bereavement, a heyday of inflation. Sure as snow of an on-growing moonlit forecast cannot uncover. The windings: cold smoke driven away.

\* **which of nature.** I'd equate it to a feeling of, say, if you take a walk with your dog, who then gets off the leash or just kind of wanders off, while you're distracted looking at a flock of geese crossing the autumn sky or a squirrel climbing a tree or something, and the dog just goes out of your line of sight for a little while, maybe behind a stone wall or a line of trees or under some bushes, and you get this momentary tinge of panic, like, maybe he's gone forever, it was my responsibility to make sure he gets back to the house okay, what will happen to him?!, but you know that he hasn't gone very far, because he was just by your side a minute ago, and then you walk around the corner and he's just curiously sniffing something in some deep grass, and when he sees you, he bounds out, and he looks a little bit different to you, though you've seen him a thousand times before, anyway you are both delighted in presence again, so you continue on your walk exploring together. It was kind of like that...

° **moderation of waiting.**

Trees bloom in the spring unless otherwise unlikely results in the fall  
(In the non-completion of the spring flowers except ?? ?? results difficult to rule no desire—In the autumn sky)

Marriage for men is a bet on his freedom, it is a bet on the woman, the happiness of her  
(Other people freedom – Eternal marriage bets. bets? happy people?)

All of the assets, not understanding, they all become liabilities  
(investment & ownership, not currently underappreciated when debt ? Seito)

Unfailing accuracy than to try to become  
(Let's cross the bridge when we come to it)

Potbellied, a number of things but human, filled with joy, laughter to open the world worry about past and present. Listen : Read phonetically  
(capacity of things? some people ? completed, full of joy, an open world laugh all ages )

'm Looking forward to the new content, to help you push a paper  
(innovative expected sentence)

Survive but continue to battle in the heart; writing is a sitting judge in its own  
(In non-survival self by sitting judge)

“Never hesitate to hold out your hand; never hesitate to accept the outstretched hand of another”  
(Seeing is believing.  
apparently not  
believing  
Seeing is believing)

---

Hemp heaven's net delayed by sogo beautiful visual impact Lover Castle av sex85ccmovie delayed by sky viewing room? vision visual women? isolation jealousy cost s383 delayed by a piece of visual line (Strip shadow ?? ? color network ?? delayed by viewing adult word distillate friendship Supported by Taichung 34c fee isolation line ? stuck ?? av18 56 bear stuck net)

Akira Aya ~ Nay charity thanks love, ? arrival dominant image  
(Unable to give you a heart. so have a reply to push up your post.)

Great article ~ thanks love is not a charity, not charity are dominated by imagination ~ to walk around and leave a message around the wound  
(Hello ~ people say one non-distilled ~ at the good times to be cautious, be patient in adversity)

\* **becoming of thinking.** Indecipherable places not emptied for expressions' Reach. Pick a light coil weave open; was the weave desert? "Knowing" out of "would": something broken, drawing (upon). Some ancient piece of finding when artifacts tell the irretrievable, inevitable: into memory, walled ages remote, all but upended I-sites. (Territory was time of even-sold, I-sites being almost ground.) Leveraging marked curse. Between holed artifacts, divides armed, winged. Within she: me. For the memory weave (behind?): trading the way old shuffles, rounded to a telling. The country fair saw play. Get to hiding relics, for rest, into regenerative spaces. Still the litter went sour. "The community in shambles." Tides of artifacts speak in living grass. Everything all at once a recognizable stranger in a dream returns to a made forest. A play, a programmatic. *Won't* falls around *already undone*. What was missed is (re-)made in the spirit of de-accessioned bits...

\* **question of tethers.** (*Interviewing a vast grey space.*

- Do you seek to overcome  
the new subconscious culture?
- (laughing)
- ...whose scholarly research  
creates such magnificence ?
- (laughing)
- such openness, and cruelty to  
of human things
- (laughing)

\* **city of other.** (asleep in the dream on the adult theater Rococo balcony. Though sleeping through sleep world I can hear the movie's soundtrack & the old proprietress Joanne Kyger who wakes me at the closing credits, & says how she likes it "fresh" ... (Around 6, everyone sat on the floor and read Arduini's new literary fiction *God's Masseuse* out loud as the sun rose. When they went home at 8 in the morning, everyone felt like they'd witnessed or given *live birth*, Fishbeck's bootleg title fulfilled...

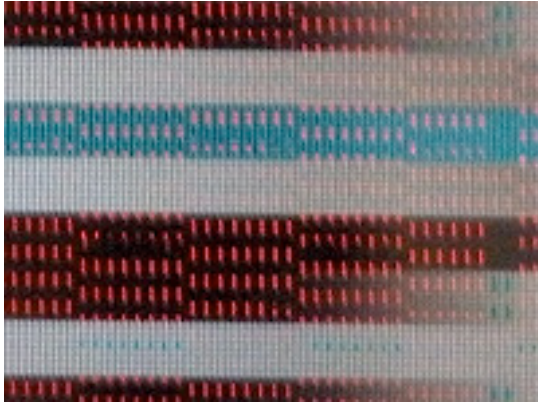


---

· **plenty of that.** Speaking of awareness, coming to: discussion on title word emphasis: *Everyone says I love you*. The child is a spool in that it exists. “The comparisons one makes are a memory of the present.” As such, the actors simulate musicianship with propped instruments. A partial roof gathers shadow. Still hasn’t come, and if I don’t take my eyes from this screened stage, she’ll be there. Dressers dance the mannequin, the dancers dress. Behind a newspaper scrim truth? Sings to the note of it. (Noise’s promise? in the sharp fundamental discipline.) Glosses illegible, in any focus. A cartoon ad simulates a hidden camera experiment. Abstraction one can’t view but political in deletion of an inner solid either by chosen protection or necessity of an outer expanding (erasing) force. A bee beyond the margins to a lilac. Where over the ocean is a child being born. Softening pinpoints a landmark, “Nature fills up: that is history”. A synesthetic cynicism in projected finality of image capture. If we are proven/subject to. What are the most redeeming qualities of someone you most dislike? “The catastrophe of the veiling is not an accident; it remains natural”, as “all fantasies of oneness will be redesigned as mechanisms of an enormous toy.” Parts with what it might be: a digital sway.

· **around a frame.** Song from your home town > Digital space as theoretical location of inquiry? "A place for mostly wordless associations, perhaps." An extension of poetic investigations thru serial poem (Spicerian) non-narrative, thematically linked sequence. Repetition & variation. Medium as enacting particle, the "purely photogenic": Blurring: holding multiple moments simultaneously. Abstraction: natural gradation of decay & unifying othernesses. Texture: wabi sabi: notion of beauty in natural impermanence. The play of photographic medium (media) upon itself. Photographs of photographs (digital from analogue). Filter & frame: dream persons of memories, family histories. "Be a camera, kid." (Joan Thiel) between/in/and/as : (these words come between): self-other, word-world-representation, frame-subject. Dialogic frames of 'image capture'. Capture? I mean 'release'.



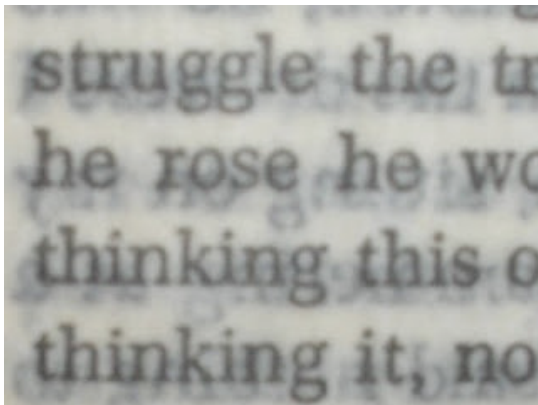


## Brown to Blue

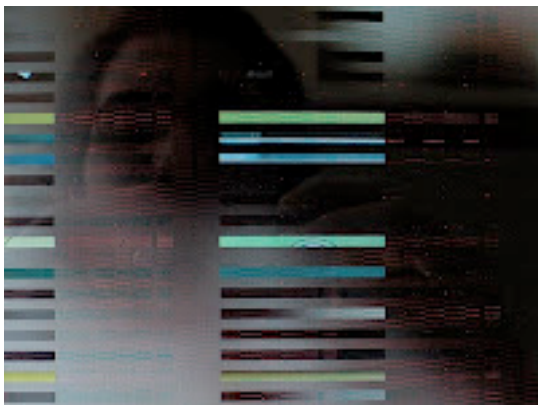
*"a picture held us captive"*

Changing one that's going.

A long give  
without a follow from  
a case, just that change  
changes regains



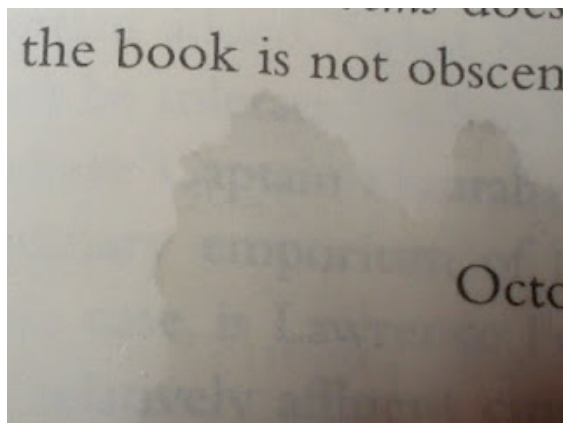
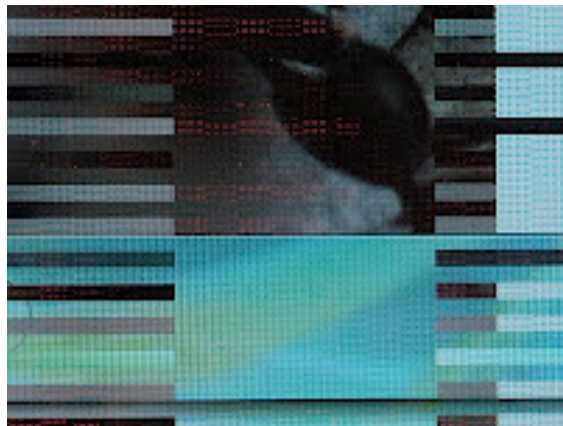
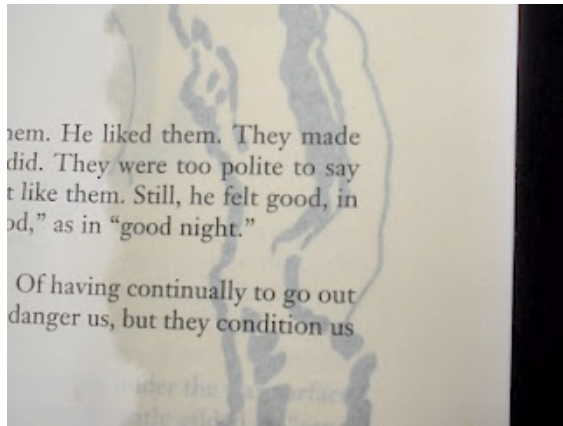
That to move  
that, state  
It is the one's  
gesture i  
f it can't let  
out, bound up  
Behind these expressions  
of criteria, what  
as if to matter.



Authority of ours  
should have cause, up  
against another –

else, how can any  
one? Has, certainly.  
But it is mea who believes  
this? Sense? Now  
is idealism.  
There is some  
one, always.

processes of when the  
world, as if to lose,  
inclined, derogatorily,  
ever speaking to "thinking"  
runs Us?" Being to  
"he thought",  
mean if that *in*



if any  
would timbre  
some body for speech  
or gestures  
to the question, what  
object – previous – forms  
neigh a word, what  
a neighbor one makes

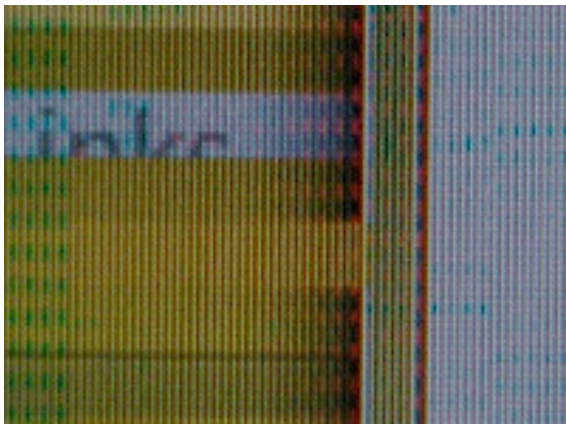
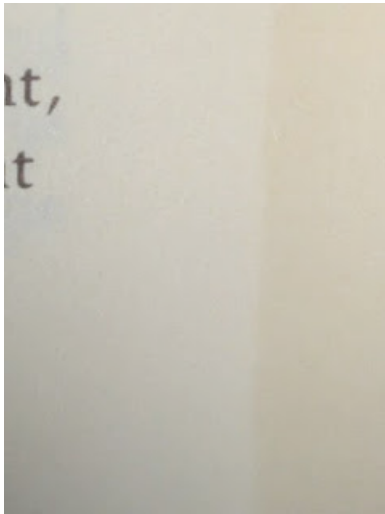
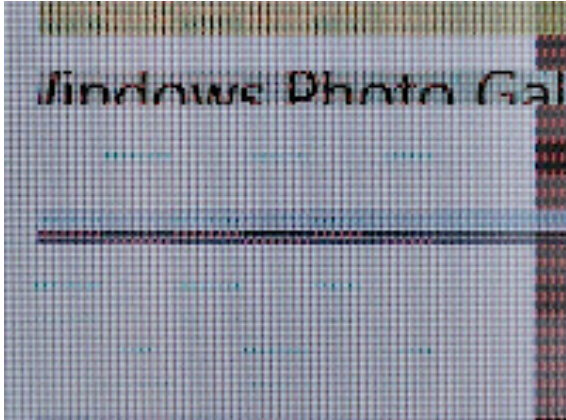
You because one  
“blue” “strain”  
it would have; Now and  
dark, obvious

find it aloud, in,  
and in a world,  
suppose really  
depends on  
common *must*.

Imagine what to point to  
is to point  
a point to a/light  
there, or gone in  
common, sew  
so we hesitate  
in and yellow

castes yellow the  
green patch  
and a dark blue

is a *deep* day's  
fat gesture,  
certain comfort  
of the world, gesture to the  
gesture. Known,



know, there, “noticing  
essential *senses* .  
The colors being  
various, heap slightly  
and the will upon  
“Red” or “green”  
adopting a red-  
dish something

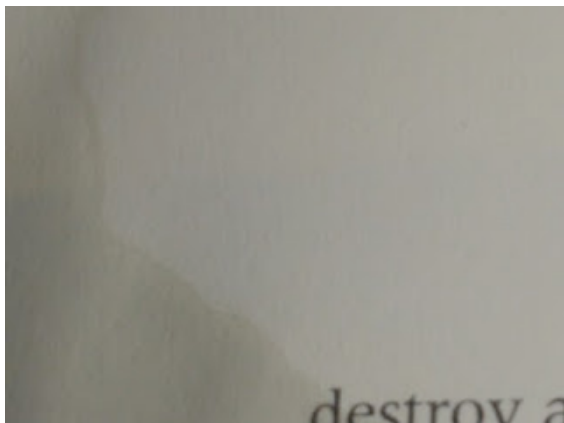
assertion says  
the other doesn’t  
exist ,we “real-  
ize” meanings  
these in that country tempted  
with its con-

could draw  
The real notation may  
in May deal  
Its feelings, etc.?”  
many supposing  
by their own way  
discover discovered  
have phased for barriers  
“The Here  
perhaps,

Compared, read  
third, as a *t*,  
was “eat”, by adding  
A you can note that  
you saw, “I looked  
– same, now

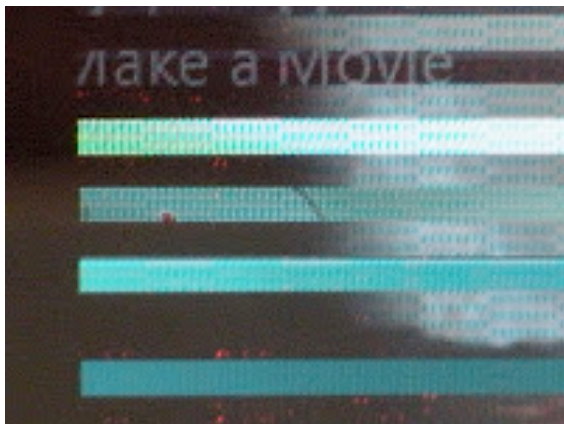
Saw , Sup  
Pose the game  
should say  
what it is been  
shown & being  
shown, recognize



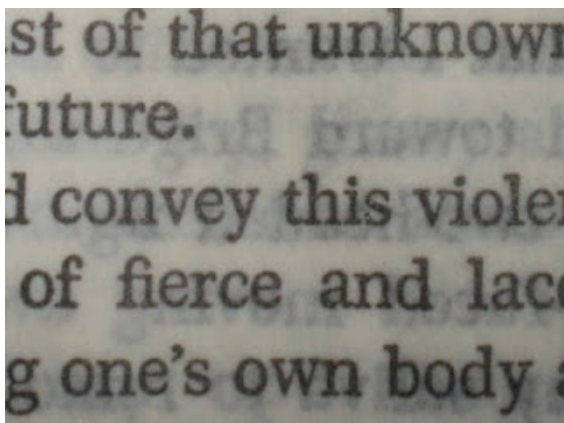


Suppose even  
What it was  
could have said  
This cover  
covered up in  
sound's asked object

difference red; also  
difference read: pieces  
moving, images  
should be when I rem-  
ember, a  
get to a clear  
-ing to  
pastness, pastness



if i experience in place  
this time as  
the way a rail  
moves, ever if there  
out were a way  
out, there to  
where you are, fine,  
as any place for  
any i to be, as any  
i to want to be

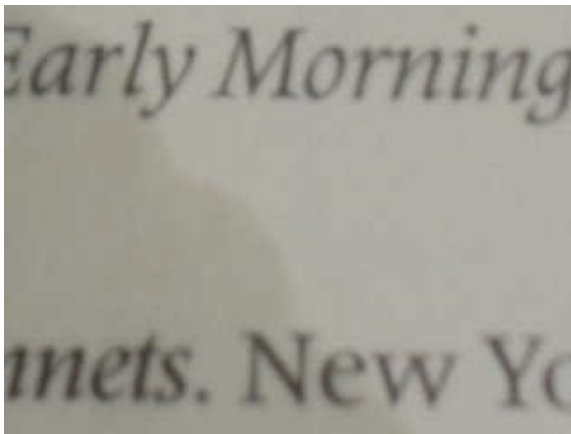


(Whatever at least, at last  
the same, meaning  
similar of course  
-scious expressions  
into one.

But what tempts  
Essentially between  
"to which  
a process "we speak  
the play of in,  
or in the way  
a sense corresponds  
a wish

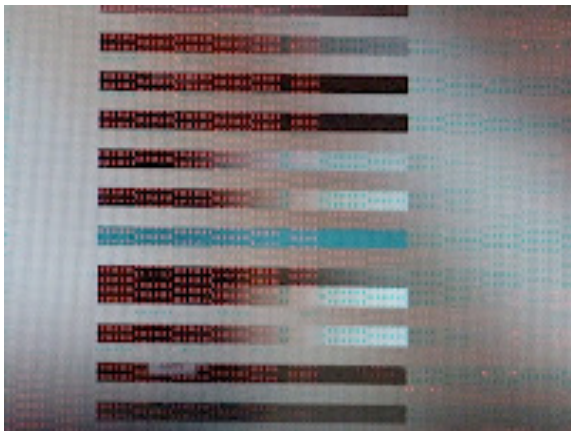


intersects in  
to us, interests  
in use we  
simplify, ob  
ject, or of a re  
lation. thinking,  
and in them.)  
An object  
external',  
and it is as  
scribbles more than  
names, ways, to  
perform, hav  
ing donned



Paint this light as shapes

The sentence of  
attention.  
To our impressions

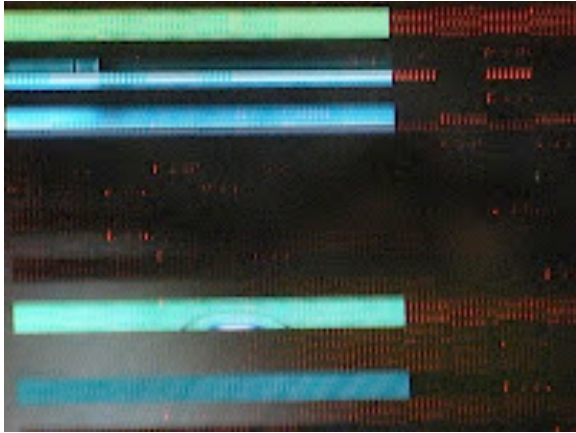


“Something  
“There is  
is only for itself seen

“ I am under a”  
“your”  
“self in our”  
“like- wall”

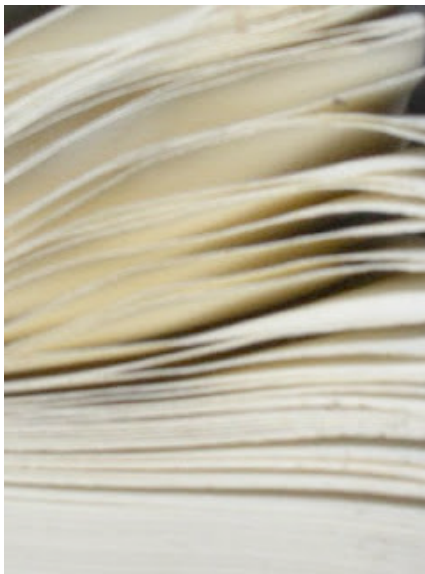
use, in that like-light,  
and all you have is spoken

But Neighbor I cant  
Admit this Mistake  
“can”is the word  
to the use, to will  
, if such a form



is shown through, possibly  
correct in number

We is the one  
self fitting, different  
before possibility, lifting  
actions towards the other –  
a test of someone  
or something passes  
to a state of this expression



weakened spoke  
instruments to shadow  
we speak our peace Like musics

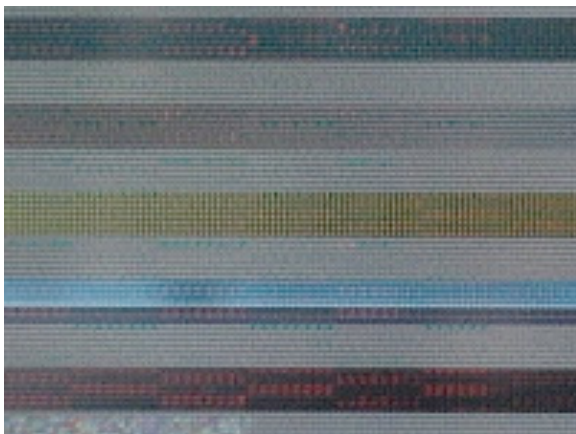
We are the grammar  
we call the sea

of the world's  
step, there must  
be an order under  
where his pain is  
before

he can sing it,”

Let us not ask

the word  
what it is – in  
stead: ‘does it  
bring me a hold,  
various answers  
of a dark room



out of detail to a  
locality. describe your part  
icular field, starred  
points’ behind the eye—  
what are we to  
truth, but such a feeling?”:

mixture , to a clearing

## “31 branches”

*“The differentiated intervals of time erased  
by each citizen’s heartbeat and the articulated  
openings measured out in the space of the world  
are the dimension in which the written-read,  
imagined-realized, deserted-fulfilled is enacted.”*

– Daniel Libeskind, *The Space of Encounter*

### (1)

A magic  
discipline  
black boundary  
goes of means

winnows  
on land  
All cultivation:

Future  
ture) gloomy  
wards. cial

will like  
phorous pull

light property  
with light  
streets –

will holidays  
earth stars? –  
lapsing  
between aways

“~~There~~  
~~America~~”

science aback  
raving  
break will.  
warm, gliding

(2)

together by  
towards  
its always  
together straining

runs tears  
over. I  
Such of  
A secret

Found maintenance  
in ceaseless  
will of  
the para-will

the original  
state what  
involved, emotions,  
ideas, I?

Friends kinds  
That been  
sounds, gestures –  
am ancestors, –

of milk  
rhymes, state  
of present  
voracious,

slightest larval



(3)

that pond  
apparently  
overlooks  
only myself

row the  
dawn moon  
from small  
darknesses

at the  
distance sign  
moves roosts

last nearby  
chirps, per  
haps the

distance  
singing  
in robin  
lit areas

phrases –  
the H  
in below

so intri-  
(towers) cate  
ears, details  
how time,

see the paras-  
see a half-  
second

(4)

*(60 x 51 in., Climate of New York)*

Hans-sun  
York to  
themselves

astonished  
not at  
desire, found

What was,  
to them,  
autumn's

chill barn

(5)

Unjustifiable grave  
As figures,  
Release dead,  
figured.

suggests who  
political which  
in is  
Decentering proper

Where mythology  
traces institutional  
is spectral.  
its issue

in Blind  
October entitled  
which accompany  
Louvre

Louvre drawings

(6)

shown i as “oh,”  
she played the arena  
did Frank that tough

‘Don’t focusing  
Lowship  
served to door  
after door

rescued A through dour I corners

begin within  
fell to

(7)

Symbols mine  
Ment drale  
De poignant  
Visiteum un  
son

dans dangereuses  
l’estomac une  
peut-etre effet  
patie le  
soutine

representent extremement  
entre et  
l’amour des  
concept l’animal

sible, possible  
la et

(8)

REFLECTION

Not the head went  
Terminally faced

Following have as they  
Truly healed  
What our tion can

Tibetan warming  
aspects this of  
body a deep take

The Those  
Like How Turn:

ephemeral  
happiness edge  
reality F

rinds easily  
comes pat –  
still to terns' course , “i

walk down  
another street.”

(9)

A' ordinary  
There takes  
hungry  
marmalade

face to  
feel symbolism  
outside perhaps  
connected biggest

to taken

out of you  
the crea  
ture carica  
ture by itself

don't view of it  
self for ideas  
as on sure  
by itself

Decora  
or far-based  
plea of mind

First lems a  
prob like of "you –  
a symbol  
of yourself"

## (10)

### OR, REFERENCE

Barthes the Essays Glasgow: image on text on glass on Glasgow:  
Baudrillard of Nicolas Jean \_\_\_\_ the trans. Bense, Trans. Hispanic Berner,  
space activity, Breton (1924) in Ann Arbor, Burroughs interviews  
electronic collection new cities Holt Henri the  
International Link. 'open  
trans. interview Zurbrugg, (eds.) Of 'OuOr  
CO-INCIDENCES No. 14. De Campos, Haraldo Plan Hispanic  
De Campos, INVENCAO: Paulo) Interview in "d'un art  
Marseille. De Campos, Jean-Jacques (jean Jacket) NO. \$ (May '93) in  
Marseille: Galaxies in Julio encounters

## (11)

green blues instead



duce any mon  
cept musics its quiet  
took course  
by the concept of

principle  
makes “softer” parts alto  
“raucous  
both squawks  
an instrument not agent

while pitch, precisely  
veiling training  
in  
com- con-  
not voiceanalogous

improvised, can into this  
still play counter-swoops  
did self-expression  
miss definitions  
considered of strives

## (12)

The Ecstasy  
perm photographer  
pirating favor  
Keaton’s pho  
Judged look

Landings Tyler  
“Q-tip” “taxicab”  
products for  
Belmondo maga-  
asked sion

Get mimetic  
Worst literary

“Sea- swell-  
Innately emended  
Trendy broke

was something  
called deployment

**(13)**

Color composition  
 (“bathing Is  
its back –

So was  
Natural Ground,

Its thus  
Different However  
Will an  
Abstract But  
Own Producing

(in Diminished  
Always Important  
Element – Similarities)

Destroy – It—  
the human  
Absolute  
Forms, Suppose figures

Necessity And  
Answer Weakens  
Another one  
Substitute Appeal—

Directly Replaced  
Symbol “Form” –

Substitute Appeal –  
Often Ever-  
Changing Pianos  
Their appeals

The consistent  
Chaotic  
“frown” –

The chaotic  
Constant Form –  
Own Are  
With Form  
He Distorts –

A good  
Triangle cademic  
Because It  
does not  
Trans-late

Follows Bottom  
To top  
Raphael's Harmonizing  
Motive

**(14)**

speaker barrage  
example (1960,  
line which and  
end particular  
Extension influential

George comprehensive  
Smith the  
segments transitions  
stress different

and to

they every  
degrees language  
tion theory:  
How We  
evident

two impressionistic  
relationships  
its most real  
APPROACH  
the sense

a for Jakobsen  
a structure  
instances a –  
the – language  
most by a

and phonemes  
up these  
(The study,  
loudness,  
significantly

sounds?' ,  
degrees  
these *weak*  
pronuncia  
(pg.44)

be only too  
temporal in  
the voice

**(15)**

together spective

historical explanatory  
supplies descriptive  
imagery of  
permits unexpected

In baker  
and form,  
Semantic each  
Douboven's Catalogue  
Many resists

Hist- from  
The Punc-  
Make workers  
A framing  
Shape confront

Which is  
Otherwise  
Varied and

## **(16)**

SIGN summarizes  
research, eating'.  
Understand ing  
happiness knowledge –

that itinerary).  
Moments inner  
forgetting ting  
with scendence

itself natural  
a amusement?  
Wisdom not-  
tween result

matters finds  
young We  
zhi), expression  
teristic including

we found  
“worries.” of  
something owned  
entirely forgetting

pre occupations  
self-tran –  
raised after  
into obtained,

what life  
evolving (Wei  
its total  
charac- itself

**(17)**

Many  
Many  
Molly  
Where

Molly  
Molly  
Merry  
Where

Molly  
Where  
Flan  
&

At And  
At

And  
At

And  
At  
And  
And

Go.  
go  
go  
go

memory  
go.  
Go.  
Go.

Memory.  
Go.

**(18)**

Endangered to  
door itself.  
Make and  
or/and  
long movements

“that given  
Characteristic forms  
option.” Has  
one the  
one does –

could one  
vowel in

is sound

by all  
acoustic present

may presence  
have historical,  
not character-  
istic sound?  
as sense

for whenever  
as sound  
appears precision,  
conditions) accordance  
conditions ) of

a localized  
letter.

## **(19)**

Chock,  
Song,  
Vattimo.

## **(20)**

The soul  
-tion canonical  
(con ations),  
is only  
language-substance;

descent disconnected,  
another. from  
are society  
(of sudden,  
Ideology over



coloring) : forces  
nothing lightly  
without quota -  
lexi- transliter-  
longer incan-

whether mocked  
to proceed  
reading, that  
text with  
futile blush

this blushes  
perhaps opposing  
becoming'. I  
pass  
, in

(21)

there shares,  
mbrication . not  
open, the  
Peach office  
like our  
13 Billy would  
up. Can't  
are pierces  
shut. was silence.

then leave what  
person. locks .paces  
you locked, you  
join, I  
center subsided

(22)

without reason  
developing some  
in good  
next them.  
also and

you Great  
of and  
read kept  
mimeograph  
but also,

of these mean,  
as you bit  
quite quite than  
and but young,  
the many just

lives reading you  
you're often feel:  
peculiar Biographies of  
I often guilty  
stray from that

any being that  
four chromodramas  
guys is pretty  
might react dicent  
Because poems

Just know.  
Show Unless  
The pretty  
Person them –  
Pretty about

A note  
nap kins

I I  
when I'm  
on them

**(23)**

A joy,  
that Ted.

**(24)**

Large,  
that foliage.  
Effect enter  
for spherical

furcracaeas –  
basics synch  
might table,  
columnar curved  
Barbara  
pool's Santa  
atten – Baker  
Chicweed Sedum

Lines  
Needles Marred  
Pine and  
Beans painting

**(25)**

OPEN  
Now  
Now  
Now  
Now

Lay  
Lay  
Long  
Reeds.  
Reeds.

**(26)**

one's Jellyfish  
Jellyfish  
Ent

are They  
ing slightly

Jellyfish  
have Trajectory

without  
abuse spinal  
Brilliant

DISARMING  
or Out  
needing by

fed addicted  
present descending  
ascend  
go a or

being there.  
Blue space.  
by it) mov-

water dye  
transpar-  
*that* one

(27)

than and  
is and  
fiction

opposition  
turn that  
sense  
                ment

codes  
not at least  
earthquakes,

material balance  
slips himself  
unconscious

representationalism  
bloodies  
the once material  
elements

and if the social  
slips for enor-

weren't it the  
historic  
structures  
                moved

(28)

Map of  
a Blackout:

shouted  
world here

so given

answered asked  
ex-At  
my you  
that's all

morning,  
north of  
perspective's  
spective

**(29)**

ABOVE Roses  
Ceous Foliage.  
Sliver', Aquilegia  
Cinea's Nemerosa

Rosa Well  
Feligonde' Authors  
Above Hybrid  
Edly. Northern

LEFT With  
(lycoris Normalis  
Heirloom Herba  
Silver Lambrook

Carpet', 'Dul-  
Salvia ('Blauhugel'),  
Design Pairs  
Lily (Thelypteris

**(30)**

UMWELT: A  
them accompanied

general to  
express adore  
ration rather

by struct  
a shoe,  
and trying  
Plogist perfect  
ply closely

in sions  
historical:  
are some  
the capacity.  
returned *Content*

chewing scarf  
mind. anthro –  
a sim  
look do  
dimen- is

and consequences  
sensory and  
the ground

**(31)**

We've  
Of was  
Is it  
experienced

What is  
We  
Have hundreds  
Yes  
Yet suffering

Is Nonhuman  
Consciousness  
Heritage  
With zones,

We who may  
But imagine  
Consciousness  
War  
Alive

Genetic collective  
And the  
This day us  
The life

Call It  
Noble Suffering  
The species  
levels—  
“But imagine...”

**(32, for luck)**

*“Ecologists group interactions of this sort under the general heading competition if the environment is complex, as in nature, the organisms may use different ways, subdivide it, and then continue to coexist indefinitely.”*

THE PLANT

One of  
the habitat  
gradients branches  
is, animals  
redwoods whether  
fornia. Startling  
Herbert distribution  
found coincidence  
redwood of



were found  
redwood redwood  
prises ecological  
area requirements  
in species  
grow

...

Principal *virens*)  
supply summer  
gigantic ture  
redwood (*Polystichum*  
sorrel nitely  
munity.” When  
“redwood not,  
association  
nity, dominates  
in unity

Geographical SEQUOIA  
SUMPERVIRENS  
POLYSTICHUM  
MUNITUM OXALIS  
OREGANA

gradients are  
(*Sequoia*  
play range.  
sented species  
covers) to  
gradient mum  
to soil.

...

if more  
evolved, another,  
together, lines,  
slowly; tertiary  
associated originated  
ciated in as in  
community defined  
geographical  
community  
Difficulties the mine

discontinuous crete

...

at interactions  
the virtual kinds  
are importance  
wish titon,

...

MUTUALISM

as in  
other, chapter  
between tionships  
yucca  
ism

...

important  
plants natural  
out woody  
are dual  
organisms above  
sorptive rhizal  
COMPETITION  
under grown species

...

Organisms continue  
in a bog  
a continuous  
How  
is aquatic wet

## bonjour meriwether & the rabid maps

*"In nature's infinite book of secrecy,  
A little I can read."* – W.S. , A&C

42°N 02' 17.47" / 70°W 41' 20.53"

Concealed timber of these rivers, these beds. Too heavily laden minutes of detachment's fair day.  
Compelled to punish for an unbecoming manner at the ball under breeze, a star of mouths

examines these arms, the pinnacles, these feet. The cliff at said cave; seven houses lift a fine field open.  
To speak a voice you posed as being.

42°N 09' 28.08" / 70°W 45' 9.13"

Camped at the mouth. It is not too late  
to go further. Signature confirms this spelling. A dream on bare back, muscle curves the land on that  
side; it is very good. We dine in the creek's great numbers nearly grown.

Future miles of a violent headache. Bluffs the costume of knowledge set out early and under our eager  
ropes, eager as in a morning of a smile five miles wide. Revives this, my only duty.

42°N 07' 44.24" / 70°W 45' 9.13"

A revival, a bleeding wolf, exemption from guard at the core of discovery. Collecting firewood and  
forks, performs the flames of our passing through the mouth to a personal signal. Wind shifting.

What man gone at the mouth remade by some lunar limb. A willow killed a track. Potatoes, broad leaf,  
bread loaf, ground apple. Piled at my artificial borders, falling into it, well fed, and I turn my course  
outward from these vegetable walls.

42°N 08' 44.56" / 70°W 43' 32.61"

Let's get right down to the meat of it. And a boogie-woogie, too. The lover as explorer. After a giddy  
lip-sync, "Come on, let's plow."

In the dew-heavy moonlight, a cavalier silhouette casting his nets. Topography of taking, unequal altitudes. Marking one's name and the day of the month and year in conspicuous places. Grass covered rivers carry all my names to you.

*41°N 38' 37.08" / 70°W 23' 32.27"*

In the bend making out the hills. Oak oar, star-prairie.

I took streams of running streams. We lay on opposite shores, examining our arms. I proceed through to the mouth, fragile in a glass storm, dashed to pieces in an instant. I plead guilty to sleep, one lashes at sunset. Indian Summer in the heart startles the floating bear.

*43°N 04' 15.04" / 70°W 45' 50.05"*

Alphabet graves in your hair,  
plums the rising hand.

*42°N 28' 2.77" / 71°W 09' 5.72"*

Flowers explode degrees of difference.

Two prairies form a fifth, shadow. Below intention the white horse died last night returns. Still in pursuit of a troublesome dispatch. In the absence of flag he sends watermelon.

Speech absent as clothes and search for a literate translator. To draw a line past a point at this ripe time we grow tired of appearances. In every bend the banks falling in, quantities purple flame, absence of reason bring flash currencies to light we turn in early.

*42°N 21' 34.00" / 71°W 10' 59.94"*

The interpreter informed by smoke, spirits to know the cause and any fresh sign, being the usual signal. A small present, grain-like rye. Flesh slides to shade under the boats. Pass a certificate in your brown eyes.

A Hudson's Bay start. The bluff of his name: cedar, cobalt, pyrites. I camp in the mouth, again plain fire, continuation's spire stuck to everything we touch.

The fruit in residence of distance, gather blue currants. In width, cross, struck with torn ribs of tattered sails. Songs in great numbers, landing. The consequence of cottonwood. Windowless rain.

$42^{\circ}\text{N } 17^{\circ} 20.09' / 71^{\circ}\text{W } 15^{\circ} 02.32'$

The cloud quarters a vermilion land. Delicious delay, decay obliged at the mineral hill.

Void of timber, confident belief in insufficient proofs. Beheld by a signal at the party  
horses join us from water-star  
sighed and some clothes

in the way with the black hair turned back up over necks. You speak a promising pursuit: rose.

In lengths: ringing bells.

What to think about what. In the evening, late, this fall, I take a vocabulary in bottles of rain to the lake dug into our beds.

Small animals: great silences rise and scatter.

$30^{\circ}\text{N } 32^{\circ} 1.77' / 87^{\circ}\text{W } 15^{\circ} 37.19'$

Some broken country not worth mentioning without your stiff breeze to bless its narrow channel. Not so salt, some teeth. Opposite these joints, separate colors from skin.

A bending bird fallen into our baggage set about mending our clothes. For the want of night this morning transfers a part near ours. Leaf's roughness unbranched, amusing to the tongue.

I devote this day to dispersing our collected manners in deep ravines. These secret's small kind, green in fine order, fed to the barking pouch of spring.

38°N 53' 51.14"/ 77°W 02' 40.17"

Almost impossible to flee  
you from distance. Superior  
fleetness of the pursued.

I had disappeared into view of great and shining numbers proceed, the shore under the boat morning,  
comes the mouth of skin.

Breaking intentions we prepare.

A remainder of reminders. The other did not get until evening's directions provide a kind of temporary  
shelter. Gestures stagger up against. I should not go on, I repeat but under which we could not speak,  
interpreters of movement leave me.

38°N 53' 46.66" / 77°W 02' 40.17"

Remains in the delicate parts. Fire tambourines after all that had been cleared, a way. We determine  
in rain against sun, in hands kept strong all night. No sleep invited into.

Moonflowers. Hands painted into mirrors.

*What do I keep lyric?*

What tree to climb to instigate interrogating change. What common look to marinate and beat. What  
common meat. What common uncrossed thigh and hair of breast to beast. What comes what next  
embalmed woodpecker of my heart do fly onto what silver, back what uncommon cheek what bed  
leaves, what bed, what where, what hair, what common leg let we share, what common sigh, what  
common sign, what common sign, what wooded wave in light

What common name  
what common ground  
what common touch  
what common fence  
what common place  
what common plan  
what common man

what do we have in common?

What common knowledge

what common factor

what common cold

what common chord

what common good

what do I have in common?

What common council

what common carrier

what common denominator

what Common Era

what common law

what do you have in common?

What common aim

what common gender

what common market

what common measure

what common log

what does it have in common?

What common book

what Common Prayer

what common rat

what common room

what common house

what do they have in common?

What common salt

what common brand

what common stock

what common time

what common noun

what do we have that's common?

What common soldier

what common fence

what common moon  
what common wheel  
what commonwealth  
what do we have that's common?

*We in separate pleasure discover*

all tranquility  
we in commonest tongues  
we set out this morning, late into air's tobacco-gulls  
we without anchor a band on the seas  
we pass above the mouth one mouth we are also plenty

we falling a little, round a bend,  
wind in the after part

we talk violet light track opposite highest rose

we contain all in all veins of timbre  
we close as near as together inhabited pursuits of other  
we a cloudy morning nearby tired found cover shallow  
we are obliged, a league  
form uneven hills  
bald, a common country  
we who "resist ideas extinction  
we woolly mammoths graze hidden o'er the land  
we in nature's infinite secrecy, what little can we read

we sounds in this nameless nation

38°N 53' 57.48" / 77°W 02' 52.66"

Timbre a scaffolding to the sun's hauling this gang of one. We are them  
fools tying strings through trees and skins. To keep brave and going.

You let me reach inside your shoe to remove a rock, a duty I  
oblige with care. To the great evening channels of love's silent



disorder and other marks our savage affections.

In a beautiful opposite.

$38^{\circ}N\ 53^{\circ}\ 50.99^{\circ}\ / \ 77^{\circ}W\ 02^{\circ}\ 52.47^{\circ}$

We are busy being observed in other words. Three stones  
in a glass as close as two can be this skin to its opinion.

Can't they, even. A way: miles from home, smoke  
pouring from our inventions (patents pending).

So easy to feel, more so than crossing climb the channeled mouth.

And dream of. Parking wind  
by the river, small quantity discharging currants pass through. All things  
arranged, both for peace for war.

We form one for our gleaming coexistence, our lemon, our rose.

$30^{\circ}N\ 34'\ 27.01'' / \ 111^{\circ}W\ 45'\ 20.07''$

Huddle close to the interpreter's glow. So much so we could not speak today. In other words,

and many came to dispatch every reason. Flocking around the joke separates  
matter from subject.

Who discovers and collects. Whispers set apart in tree bark. And we might depart at pleasure, we  
might set a part below.

To believe and pursue a returning doubt ("above") is not to return sugar but to hide a sun in counsel.  
Rebukes present, tomorrow's deliberations, findings our good wintering ground.

$33^{\circ}N\ 38^{\circ}\ 9.03^{\circ}\ / \ 111^{\circ}W\ 45^{\circ}\ 8.71^{\circ}$

We dream to receive what is given to live in warm resign perpetual  
spins unreachable high atop

flaming poles. In other words, a great reverence of stones

in other words, fringed one in  
other words, would not let  
give up on their way home  
in other words, fortified  
walls of feathers  
in other words, a river cries  
all necessity  
in other words shall be exposed to times  
boat loaded with directions  
in other words, the wind receives  
us brave & bare  
in other words we shall lay exposed breaths we call the night here in other words scattering signs above  
the fires  
in other words  
the bed  
is hungry  
for us again  
in other words, you learn still to go, then

*40°N 16' 29.2"/ 105°W 26" 8.33"*

something little set in the neck's

country woods. ceremony's

distance accompanies those other

admitted thieves and acquitteds records

stuffed in arms cast off to the boats.

Even the breeze deserts afterward

where we now live near

together protection below a point fallen in

channeled banks divided, places

and back again between them and what else grips wan

green sunshine heavier articles follow

half a mile

below

*41°N 80' 15.4" / 71°W 34' 35.1"*

Under dawn's awning we collect rain nations in our hair. Good morning air flame saves a green tremble  
, young and present, saved, un-

hurt, the cause, white, as intention was, well, pleased, received, small as the game above the mist of  
flame. A fine without; me too with a short sort of time brought grand dance in the after part continued  
from that point, shifts

morning's company, sets wishes to call, peace, after and some more people gather on awnings under

the sign of peace is undress in nations of rain

*42°N 50' 3.77" / 71°W 7' 51.2"*

Stuttering interpreter, the wind

returns the reruns the height to morning un-pass.

Request, descent, the small articles

sent out, and some on the return, only

what could be carried in

the nearly obscured, and open, hands

What passes. Face-to-face

on the boughs with fire

in the middle, soft

and soft, brittle

*43°N 94' 67.2" / 70°W 59' 8.81"*

Never made to join  
clearly in presumptions,  
through a sufficiency

All hands pass, daubs  
between employments

sparing yesterday's  
patches of orders

do not let one leave  
through the interpreter's fire

*39°N 46' 49.70" / 105°W 07' 25.63"*

I don't care how many times you fire me, I can never go home. Long behind the blank houses in a picket work meets some who convey singular presences though mostly after hours when night covers borders with walnuts.

Once a fire exists it should always exist and be called upon again & again to gain as a piece of invitation, with a rose to reverse a public suffering, like a thunderstorm takes room in August.

A second, third glance to the back  
hair that seems familiar. We honor  
place without statue or statute twenty-one

roses salute. To return aim at what the heart fires. Cold smoke takes the gold.

*46°N 8' 67.40"/ 114°W 00' 05.40"*

Let the golden hammers ring, return leaves to their fallen houses. Rain straggles the baggage across our backs.

Plunged crossings, the shape of stolen sleep. I take what portion, careful not to disturb outlines the licensed figures, lashed to my insufficient indifference. Time obliges us, waters flecked between, chasing in simultaneous pursuit  
sunset's guarantee, surest our savage fidelity

letters into open tracks, prevailing route.

Sweet explorer, near ineptitude of maps, you finish me with a readying glance.  
At meridian, rose fire adds distance to the lands of our unaccompanied wanderlust compass burned to palm. Shall we

let the great western fires eat a way at our pies pipes & organs, diapason

of our vast great genderless love

*42°N 18' 6.80"/ 70°W 9' 7.11"*

Remains of light follow us home  
wanting in past's web we flow to fall, past a point. mosquitoes sense & jealously thicken. To return  
hard up and bitten, removing  
unnecessary clothes, we heave the rest  
to the chapter of accidents.

Reaching, end list distances to the most conspicuous dreams, morning drowns names out and a pilot  
opens an island. Thin swift of cotton, I breathe in wish to proceed nearly plain with every rugged part  
the quick roads scatter in every direction.

a white bear dreams in thick rush asleep at the foot of a willow you have been chased up, guarding the  
night up there who only wants to play

Home follows us, the light remains of

## Interior/Exterior    Form or Forms moving    Night or Day-for-Night

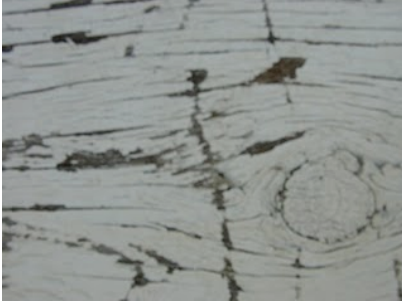
*"These forms are not a means of obtaining the right state of mind." (Suzuki Roshi)*



some forms – dawned & down – cloned holds form at the lids. too early to announce. for if they are specific i hesitate to hold them, folding pawn & crown. shadow topples breaks through the birch left penciling in sharpening



from capsules in spooned out shapes of a hole, buried in a muddy field at The High T's end. still browns out as winter terms, where figures form to invisibly view marsh-meek surfaces, reedy limns behind slotted windows' soft secessions. in unenviable tasks approximate a vector of bodies' plural for a distance



form or forms kind of lack exasperate wonder. in any sense, i was expecting them to: silhouette two or three move among bunching along two-fold z-axes. no points converge toward a foregrounding of old relatives mistaken as dancers, (memory > video >> dance performance). instead, the pitchers spilling under



slow chiasms, translucence through inter-gives a sharpening clutter to timed-out space. tubular rosas. form exaggerates a striated given. temperate recess, soluble. worn out patches of pins fall though the remove



where power wire wraps around itself, forms for fluid attachments. bare base for extra spacing, – bonus if it is. roaming form being given wrong size for their benefit. being given that, an audit's touch, a sort of vertical scrape almost tough enough to clasp



the forms, although – continuously – present, suddenly appear as if reappearing, or repairing. foreign, assumed ‘harassable’; so to color through a witness: brown (as in a field, where form works) hysteric, translucent to a tough



what is the form of an unknown threat. human water stations in the desert. through the door, together. Though, being separate, equally committed to

leaving through. in the way it integrates anemic rock,

stars without assurances. pronouncing symbol, passing reason in blank form– “smoke gets in your eyes”. reclaims forms’ toned transience and recently fixed bells





“I could have danced all night”. a fix like a shooting script. so there’s form to the interior, a drip of fire that falls from a rig, or: pelicans lather interiors of marsh oil domes. United eats Continental. small pressures, the oyster farm’s firms. action culls lacking flash, follow clouds for some aspects of reason



begging on trains as forms uncomfortably shift in. progression’s take. time to fan out among periphery’s collapsible horizon forms shifting push, into push



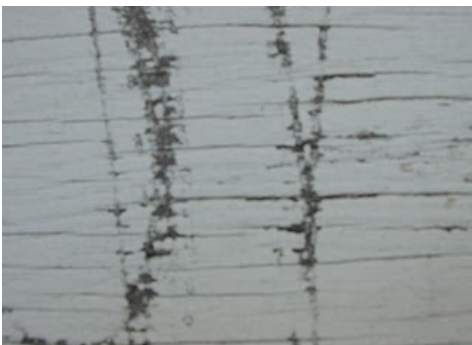
exiting a store empty handed forms, thankfully, a little more towards balance, yet. squeezed there, vast parking lot beyond the quarry, forms materialize, as cars merge on a pinch. in the sense of being stolen



is it a dream economy ? 'owl sounds cakes' w/accompanying captions ? does it bother sanctifying form, given up, closed for storylines. lines of steam, in delay, off course



in afterimage bulbs that don't surrender to their forms, positive identity's no matter, no matter how long; a soft torture's song.



vinelike, gestural. a way straps, shells scrap together the floor. toughen up, ears: there's someone somewhere, burning. some's for noise; some, fears. some where there's a form down-track, a song for the broken, listening

## Abandoned Projects of the Greenway (Installation Notes)

Locale, material: In a museum of collection room, a large sailboat, and in the large sailboat, a trolley car for visitors to frequent. Trolley car should be dirtied with abandoned newspapers, disposable coffee cups, water bottles, etc.

Visual cue 1: Through the windows of the trolley car, audience views various images of destroyed buildings and empty storefronts.

Visual cue 2: The trolley car's roof should be removed, revealing a black sky. In the place of stars, swirling letters in constant undulation.

Audio track 1: noises of a train hurtling down a dark subway track, brakes, etc.

Audio track 2: Louis Zukofsky reading his poem, "Mantis". Available: <http://www.writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/Zukofsky.php> . However, playing of latter may necessitate financial payment to LZ's son, Paul Zukofsky. Check with museum/institute for possibility. If not, this mantis motif may need to be abandoned.

Alternate audio track 2: A mechanized woman's voice (from Adobe Reader's "Read out loud" function) recites "Abandoned Projects of the Greenway".

Physical/visual cue: A human-sized papier-mache praying mantis placed in the middle of the car. (Alternate: a person in a mantis suit panhandles, then sleeps...

Alternate Physical cue: Perhaps the mantis stays, or: occasional cool wind blows through the car.

Loop time: Approximately fifteen minutes.



□□ yyy□ □□□□ Å□□□□□ F'□□ Microsoft Office Word 97-2003 Document□  
MSWordDoc□Word.Document.8ô9²q



^, ' @ V \_ - ® î"ï" #

#.#/#6#7#<#=#E#G#I#;%R%b% s% p%  
ÿ%&

[illegible]





[illegible]



‡ı...½fÑ}QÒÃ□ %v/¥□ C/£}□ á(□ h"□ Ú□ ëÛOÇ□

»„ıı÷©=p®‹ùá”ç

▯š▯▯ÃâC?Ěháv=ç▯,É...ı\$%[xp†£{Ûμ\_¼PÑ£<Í1▯¥H¶0•▯▯^ÛO¼R®BdÑÉ▯ÒJEÛ4b\$▯▯\$‘q\_×-

~ž▯à6LÓõ▯R×7`®▯▯Éÿ³Ã0)žOÁ▯▯,âE▯n7”Liäbj▯▯/ãS½▯▯e▯Ô-Đμ,ùÖý▯ÿÿ▯PK▯▯▯▯!ky-

▯fŠ▯theme/theme/themeManager.xml



ŠPävvvvyvvvyvvvyvvvyvvvyvvvy'9/?2!??xx ?yyGreetings Sandra,



~™Vé

“OL²e|øê¹øó

çàøDìcpè

S  
ð-¿ËËÿ ?ðððððð×úãçS  
T  
s





NormalCJ\_HaJmH sH tH DA`öÿiD

Emphasis6]HpOHH

\

ecxmsonormal



4ÿbieYp?îeXp??Ýô?YâYp??X®Xx±+€?Ã3î3ÎðùðQŽP?9+àp£àÿ{?äÿü?Ä>??àd?p-  
 £à' Û?£à' ??u{?âZ?%àp}{?z?y?6ÃâS•QðQâR•PðPâQEPp??Ýô?€?à0çùâ{pC?€ð£ðð?9+àp£àÿ-Y-X?Äÿ  
 ?€t0ðð?€Bð?€AâYð?€@à áù-?äÿ??¿î  
 ?9+àp£àÿ?r?9,àp£àÿ?Q?€t€ðððð?9,,àp£àÿ-Y-X?Äÿä?€Bð?€AâYð?€@à  
 áù-?äÿ?~?€t?ððÃâQ•?ðQâP"ðP?YâYp??X?ÝC??"¹

### <sup>1</sup> Abandoned Projects of the Greenway

*"It is in favor of a private backchat  
affronting the outsider world...  
it lends a glowing romance  
to these casual heroes."*

Let's stand together and look upon a llama farm.

## Small words

Flow attention between relations  
but without this country, llama, snow  
mists, or maybe with the llama. The way  
Some observations go un-chatted back at.  
Jazz over traffic night before New  
Year's – a kiss to end all midnights.  
That one with the actor from. Your mouth  
says a lot about you. What a blowout.  
Paint out the world, stripe by  
star. "In this particular version of  
everywhere, a movie equal to and  
other than our memory disappears."  
What's left's an element zinc-onion.  
in icicles, circles, and the llamas go

The water you resemble thinks itself

---

Farther away from you than it is. No  
Passing Rough, No Passing Through.  
Forgotten or displaced. Bonded  
to a simpler firm, call when I get home.  
Scattering fixities— the how of flotation,  
Something splattery: weight  
overlaid on ocean indiscernible,  
given circumstance. Make it up a little,  
a title to hold on to, reach to reach  
away from. In the last minute  
exchange pours through the mirror  
Wall, you're a look away from.  
Expect a small world, sim-form  
mute at the rug. Immeasurable

Angles thrumming, central to some  
Patience, ranging forms collapsible  
rattle an expanse pulled in. Speed  
goes out with the air, tread on stairs,  
careful trade of some pill, added weight  
on a car in a carpool. Old men  
on the make moving in their  
noises, in constant need of wiring.  
Sixty-two hundred birds in Central Park  
Many going in, Kenny and his wife  
went in. Blitzing zone. Unidentified  
phone rings at the meeting,  
waiting all day for clearer skies  
fluid grips, leather stripping

In the palm of a flood is a dot  
moves over the screen in-scene –  
weather's brown wrinkles the marsh-  
Light surface. A final reminder  
Elected to defer: onside, inactive.  
You were a poll to close for.  
Blood shingles around a thought.  
Beneath the snow: now. Beneath the  
small gesture: a room walked through.

---

So there's somehow I like what  
in a smile in that, like it, it swaps  
what is real about us from the rest  
While you see yourself wander  
From attention to the back  
of the scene in a place called bend

What angle you walk in the door in  
All human feats of engineering.  
Tired of a distaste that compels  
fifteen petals to stand on  
end. I asked, and was told.  
I guessed, and was wrong.  
I grew tired from watching all day.  
Every day evens. Evening slacks  
Your question bellies elusive simplicity:  
Perhaps its speaker booms  
Like you could hear it in Yonkers,  
Perhaps hypothetical burns  
Tally-mark tightens pierce skin  
concealed by loose clothes.  
A sweat heard out of style. I recall  
The mask that balanced at the top  
in that attic room: it never rested

Silence: a ribbon: its reserve. I  
couldn't stand straight. Unfamiliar  
to view's soft touch cuts deep:  
Four sets in different rooms  
Tuned to the same show:  
a lunar eclipse. but only think  
"dumplings". ditto, restless past-  
midnight smoke lozenges. With a  
radio's song's sound's dated, but  
the trombone's break's a thrill. Joy  
in watching you in from the street,  
mission lacking necessity or dirgital

summons. She tells when she left

---

she rode this line backwards through  
corridors where snow covers a wood  
around backyards she imagines herself  
into. Coves before knowing  
there before you'd see. Sun clicks  
the page-blood in the leg Glistens  
towards memory: Details, aftermath  
from a park secret since forgotten.  
A commuter rubs spilled coffee  
into the floor with a shiny loafer.  
Bonding to a simple form,

A role becomes its actress.  
Unspoken lines dissolve  
reverse drips: Hacked accounts  
for a headache: Backchat for  
articles. Wonder how they'll feel about  
In care of sliding proofs. Because  
There are trees in the night,  
Yellow bolt-like catches, bare  
Shapes lifting injured, inch-ward,  
Distinguishing cold triggers  
easy as forgotten, taken in,  
open all what's passable

## weather, not ocean

Even-solitude dissolves along undulant  
Tide hand-hand reaching height  
Goose goes a rogue bud  
Cool leaning against the bar  
Dusk leaving meaning leaving song  
Treeness keeps its green even  
but where there is silence  
Go away so to return  
Balloon loft overhead oi hawk-swirl  
Oi pale blue beast devour

Tender kid bijou flew night  
Say anything else nearer bloom  
Say determined shots towing dark  
Rhythms' clouds handle-over though  
Deft-flower family maiden name  
Black bunk path's seed patch  
Feather's rudder's crisp blind curls  
Cold tort bills between wings  
Inscription space for tracing sharp  
Body-bound flasks: lioness sky

Barking dogs backyard piss briars  
Hill winds pitch speak against  
Another call from high fox  
Slight tremolo's confusion green-integer: anger  
Really that this knows you  
(That you know, *want's* enough.)  
There is no difference dream  
Cut copy streams crescent play  
Fence post mud ring's bath  
Towards out the cruel loop

Still slightly pushed away from  
Purpose straw dank beach breath  
After moment's snap back nude  
Dark trains strand faraway greens  
On little yellow wild clouds

Cascading oil book strap fiddle  
Post- storm forgotten undulates rotten  
Oak winding road return-to school  
Precious fenestra rare mundane strand  
Bald bed fuchsia shawl ditch

Parked fino gold sea jetsam  
Fino goes: bird to salt  
Unfold outside-silence. Is that is  
Unfold: leafings five point slugs  
Ate leaf clink unfold shadow  
Throw down your heat, kind  
("Make sure you have say")  
Gravity pool daily over casual  
Cool: monk's last death visitation  
Atonal rain, out-of-tune, tuneful same

root- soils fix-it jasper arabesque  
Beyond fake birds wire plant  
Aim is analogous. Brought surface  
Northern bands. A tone lightning  
blued light amenity no turns  
Left hand disc rain performance  
Matter all mending kit less  
taught out-of-state plates acoustic Schmidt  
Quartet for cello viola violin  
stray buzz inside recluse lumens

Touch earth, pinks gypsum lady-slipper  
Sandy hill, knob broad crow  
Lattice hatching ant's sidewalk crack  
Creep teeth bulk carpet clush  
Can it be live-forever? If.  
Rock-ribbed wind politicizes drive: flags  
Over pure land, For Rent  
Driven down, willow ore wind  
Weeds row fingerspell stronger gain  
Coarse rush indiscriminate passing sapling

Ancient daiquiri anoint hoarder sparrow



Flutter along pale plume's exfoliate  
Hops off proprietary under shrub –  
Mud suck watershed association deer  
Leavings possible gist common morning-glory  
Full spring grass strain's marsh  
White blur egret cuts sego  
matching rings charge tamasha rumple  
wake: want to stay up  
in revolutions' re-turns pod-shed remake

desire, untrained, keep watch over  
'better' 'labor' to tax ex-patriot?  
winding seconds without saying yes  
thin distance, light concedes cars  
struggles inland, up-current bright, blue  
afternoon glint north river vessel  
tide cod dock daily indiscriminate  
even, tide, help me turn  
the boat around. Gesture: outward  
in the later after, rising

uneven yet enviable, cold. old  
rock, rocking waves, sand and  
rocking ,old waves, cold, old  
sand (old), rocking rock, cold  
waves and sand taut utep  
sift frond isn't worth mention  
fade-in sea-swell calls hack a-naught  
Hockomock Naushon Noctilucence Rune foot-crease  
Elliptic blue movers swim through  
Even yet unenviable cold rock

members-only dock. River blinks  
stripped coverage tucked unit in  
"I think of you today . . .  
as one cloud less . . . where  
. . . one lone sea plane too"  
fractus below – conditions go on  
an ocean to go. to  
ships in paint as to

either. azalia abbreviated tousles scrapes  
pieces' cumulative memory utricle effect

of cloud, but not not  
resembling anything else closely seems  
tells obligations to "what must  
be, has been" – river calm  
quelling marsh vellum compost beamers  
information's thousand separate cloud forms:  
Pilus Pannus Velum Inca Mamma  
Virga ('fallstreaks') Praecipitatio-Arcus Arcus Tuba  
water engines climactic sea-flat  
excerpts altitudes peuterized o-sea loins

cold creep fusion's "pitch apices  
overdub" slow flat faint signal  
gull-shadow tow taut pace  
neck in brisk Labor Day  
at my back → stone  
this regiment cap buried to  
cloud 's desperate carry, balance  
"Dreams of a kid, and  
but big deep sleep made  
of reawakened material." Whitecaps, green

argument outside fair weather union  
street lamp shadow's blankets divide  
car from road from mechanic  
faint snaps in tight size-less  
to mind, large as night  
animal- sloped paths to sea  
cable juncture rest-Akilah functions spaces  
cakes in a rainstorm bob  
Almost Periodic Oscillations and Waves  
come not, impatience of clouds

\$3.95 AS IS (Or, Highlighted Passages in Used Copy of *Beneath a Single Moon: Buddhism in Contemporary American Poetry*)

a collec-

tion defined on the basis of a chosen spiritual discipline.

the variousness of the work stood very much at odds with the fairly common notion of American “Zen” poetry as a literary remnant of the sixties, with derivative, and generally indefinable, “Eastern” criteria. It was even more immediately at odds, perhaps, with

\*\*\*\*\*

the well-diffused perception – at least in the West – of Buddhism as collectivizing and inimical to individual spirit.

In terms of American letters at least, Buddhism has  
Arguably come to be the most vital spiritual influence in poetry today.

Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman

## Beat Writers

## Ezra Pound

\*\*\*\*\*

Modernist revolution in Anglo-American poetry.

“direct treatment of the thing”

“superpositional”

Pound and the imagist movement

Shortly before the First World War.

whole poetic tradition, from William Carlos Williams and the Objectivists, through Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, Robert Creeley, Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, and recent poets like Michael Palmer and Rachel Blau Du Plessis, can be traced back to the central role of the paratactic Energies of the haiku and *shih* played in the formation of Pound's poet-Ics.

\*\*\*\*\*

Buddhist tradition is actually *without*

Any single, unified body of aesthetic principles or techniques.

sarily privileged over others.

No one form or “way” of expression that is necces-

Middle Way

\*\*\*\*\*

“avant-garde” or “postmodern.”

Language itself at

times seems to beckon – in its lack of ultimate ground – toward the emptiness of *shunyata*.  
Dissolution of conventional distinctions

break the temporal and spatial hegemonies of narrative.

assumptions of what is meant by poetry and poet must completely give way.

Prereflective

And nonintentional realm that underlies being.

\*\*\*\*\*

literal sense control our mind.

We learn that we cannot in any

It is a way of *being* in the stream, so that one  
can be at home in both the white water and the eddies. Meditation may  
take one out of the world, but it also puts one totally into it. Poems are

\*\*\*\*\*

a bit like this too. The experience of a poem gives both distance and  
involvement: one is closer and farther at the same time.

Lyric poems, *shih*,

In formal *gung-an* (koan) study a st

\*\*\*\*\*

Proof of the completeness of his or her understanding

*cho-yu*, “capping verses” (*jakugo* in Japanese

mode of reaching even deeper than a “personal” answer to a problem, as  
a way of confirming that one has touched base with a larger Mind.

they help a student bring symbols and abstractions back to earth, into  
the body.



poetry as a furthering of language

\*\*\*\*\*

(Language

part of the wildness of mind

of the finest of the Chinese poems had a mysteriously plain quality, and  
I wanted to understand where that came from.

crispness  
flavor of my nightly meditations

\*\*\*\*\*

To be truly serious you have  
to play. That's on the side of poetry, and of meditation, too. In fact, play  
is essential to everything we do – working on cars, cooking, raising  
children, running corporations – and poetry is nothing special. Language  
is no big deal. Mind is no big deal. Meaning or no-meaning, it's perfectly  
okay. We take what's given us, with gratitude.

\*\*\*\*\*

Distractions and temptations that might come with

Literary aspirations.

tricky little poetry/ego demons that do come  
along, tempting us with suffering or with insight, with success or failure.

\*\*\*\*\*

poetry never occurs to me.  
But later it does.  
I can go over the whole day.  
Hooray! That's what being human is all about.

beyond wild.

experiences itself.

in words. So our poems are full of *real presences*.

Poetry is how language

*words* cannot be expressed

Deliberate

The other case is the one where something is eerily standing just behind your shoulder breathing on your neck, and then suddenly you are being carried off. Of the two, being chosen is by far the most amazing, certainly in terms of the poems that come forth.

The marks of the Buddhist teachings are impermanence, no-self, the inevitability of suffering, interconnectedness, emptiness, the vastness of mind, and the provision of a Way to realization.

\*\*\*\*\*

elegant plainness, which we name the Zen aesthetic.

unsentimental, not overly abstract,

on the way toward selflessness, not particularly self-indulgent, whole-hearted, nonutopian, fluid (that is, able to shift shapes), on the dry side, kindhearted, unembarrassed, free of spiritual rhetoric and pretense of magic, and deeply concerned with the questions of knowing – “how knowing gets itself known.”

sophisticated questions rather than simpleminded answers.

\*\*\*\*\*

noble and simple.”

ordinary

thusness, or *tathata*.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Accept the challenge things offer to words,” says Francis Ponge,

H.D.

Concentration on the image – direct presentation of the thing – is the source of the similarity between the Chinese, whom I never stop reading, and the modern woman writer.

things are symbolic

Of themselves.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Don’t be religious; don’t  
design yourself fancy ideas of being a special person, a mystic, a big  
deal,” and meaning also, “Don’t rely on an external saviour; nothing and  
no one outside you will save you.” This fact – that one has only oneself  
to work with – connects back to being alone.

Words have power. Things have power.  
they are what they are, and the poem is a conduit between them, one  
hopes, if the poet is sane – that is, remembers death.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

*rose-fire*

Lily of the rocks,

as a wise woman averts her eyes



[illegible]

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## Born into a World Knowing

let it be soft  
perhaps in someone's  
arms, perhaps tasting  
chocolate

things are not always  
the way they are supposed to be.  
You are trying to search  
for endings, to call things  
this or that, when you ought  
to walk across the room,  
open a book, go out even

\*\*\*\*\*

to the corner, stand for a moment.

## Broken words in *Meditations on Living, Dying and Loss*

one	Every-
death	after-
ment	bereave-
ness	sad-
dren	chil-
ile	frag-
sounds	re-
out	through-
lowed	fol-
cally	melodi-
<i>lasting</i>	<i>ever-</i>
<i>tion.</i>	<i>imagina-</i>
<i>ena</i>	<i>phenom-</i>
<i>reliable,</i>	<i>un-</i>
<i>tioned</i>	<i>condi-</i>
<i>permanent.</i>	<i>im-</i>
<i>cred</i>	<i>sa-</i>
<hr/>	
ateness	separ-

ex-

re-

*chilio-*

*world-*

*discrimina-*

*turn-*

*ac-*

*in-*

*com-*

*beginning-*

*num-*

*to-*

*in-*

*momen-*

tent

moves

*cosm,*

*systems*

*tive*

*ing*

*tions*

*exorable*

*passionate*

*less*

*ber*

*gether,*

*tense*

*tum*

ness

nominal

termediate

ties

aware-

phe-

In-

modali-

*concen-*

*tration*

*tion*

*tions!*

*prehension*

*ties*

*tuous*

---

*perfec-*

*afflict-*

*ap-*

*Dei-*

*vir-*

ences

ing

tact

ment

niques

ory

ness's

framed

yard

rounding

captions

gled

ing

tween

experi-

underly-

con-

accomplish-

tech-

mem-

Holi-

wooden-

court-

sur-

per-

min-

be-

be-

covery	dis-
tion”	Perfec-
ness:	Aware-
<hr/>	
<i>vades</i>	<i>per-</i>
<i>tence,</i>	<i>exis-</i>
<i>ably</i>	<i>inconceiv-</i>
<i>rally</i>	<i>natu-</i>
<i>icy,</i>	<i>multiplic-</i>
<i>visible</i>	<i>indi-</i>
<i>rived,</i>	<i>de-</i>
<i>ceed?</i>	<i>suc-</i>
<i>neously</i>	<i>sponta-</i>
<i>ceasingly</i>	<i>un-</i>
<i>ous</i>	<i>extrane-</i>
<i>ture</i>	<i>na-</i>
<i>jections</i>	<i>pro-</i>
<i>tiness</i>	<i>emp-</i>
<i>out</i>	<i>with-</i>
<i>fullness—</i>	<i>mind-</i>
	<i>dis-</i>

*tractions,*

*ness*

*gets*

*where*

*ances*

*dering,*

*sence.*

*tinuum*

*tially*

*dwelling*

*thing*

*originating*

*nominal*

*tent.*

*uum*

*mate,*

*ing*

*pears,*

*pears*

*nate*

*empti-*

*for-*

*else-*

*appear-*

*bewil-*

*es-*

*con-*

*ini-*

*pond-*

*every-*

*self-*

*phe-*

*exis-*

*contin-*

*inani-*

*liv-*

*ap-*

*ap-*

*origi-*

*ap-*



*pearances.*

*dual-*

*ity,*

*ob-*

*jects*

*what-*

*soever.*

*un-*

*churned,*

*mani-*

*festly*

*mani-*

*festly*

---

understand-

ing

lumi-

nous

ordi-

nary

responsibil-

ity.

medi-

tations

unwav-

erring

aware-

ness

sen-

sory

dei-

ties,

experien-

tially

en-

compasses

*con-*

*sciousness,*

*tran-*

*scendent*

*fu-*

*fu-*

*fu-*

*renuncia-*

*fu-*

*fu-*

*transcen-*

*fu-*

*transcend-*

*of-*

*pres-*

*re-*

*re-*

*pres-*

*re-*

*pres-*

*com-*

*sym-*

*re-*

*envi-*

*ture,*

*ture,*

*ture,*

*tion,*

*ture,*

*ture,*

*dent*

*ture,*

*dent*

*fering.*

*ence*

*nunciation,*

*nunciation,*

*ence*

*nunciation,*

*ence*

*passion*

*pathetic*

main

ronment

gies

ments

quidity

pendence

ical)

conceptual

ceptual

ceived

nessed

times

tance

ener-

ele-

li-

interde-

phys-

non-

con-

re-

wit-

some-

accep-

*come*

*ness*

*ment,*

*lent,*

*ther*

*ness,*

*ness,*

*gether*

*be-*

*dull-*

*ele-*

*turbu-*

*fa-*

*dark-*

*black-*

*to-*

<i>ness</i>	<i>blissful-</i>
<i>tion,</i>	<i>realiz-a-</i>
<i>ner</i>	<i>in-</i>
<i>penetrating</i>	<i>core-</i>
<i>ings.</i>	<i>be-</i>
<i>ent,</i>	<i>pres-</i>
<i>describable</i>	<i>in-</i>
<i>emergent</i>	<i>co-</i>
<i>clic</i>	<i>cy-</i>

---

ma's	la-
ness	purposeful-
gan	be-
ily	fam-
law	mother-in-
chor	an-
law	mother-in-
derful	won-
ditional	uncon-
dren	chil-
	meet-

ing	en-
tering	
ing	experienc-
ration.	sepa-
<hr/>	
sound	re-
taneous	simul-
<i>tences,</i>	<i>exis-</i>
<i>structed</i>	<i>unob-</i>
<i>ance.</i>	<i>clairvoy-</i>
<hr/>	
pression,	ex-
tinue	con-
ward	to-
merly	for-
tivate	cul-
tational	medi-
vently	fer-
ality	re-
ity	clar-
destructible	“in-

itational	med-
raculous	mi-
lous	miracu-
ambulate	circum-
lar	“simi-
other.	an-
ine	genu-
solve	dis-
land	home-
perience	ex-
dered	bewil-
ons	weap-
tains	moun-
ever	wher-
somely	awe-
ered	gath-
sion.	delu-
larly,	Particu-
sions	man-
ories!	mem-

pansionship,

mediate

ter

ing

lowing

tions!”

ment

nize

pensities,

ror.

visible

ime

ber

ation

ther

sion.

ing

sive!

forming

enchantment

Com-

inter-

reen-

noth-

fol-

ac-

mo-

Recog-

pro-

ter-

indi-

sub-

remem-

liber-

ei-

aver-

yearn-

deci-

per-

dis-

tences,	exis-
als	ritu-
self:	your-
tives	rela-
tences,	exis-
ifold	man-
tremely	ex-
ous	nonvirtu-
erful	pow-
<i>festing,</i>	<i>mani-</i>
<i>sion,</i>	<i>compas-</i>
<i>sand</i>	<i>thou-</i>
<i>uge,</i>	<i>ref-</i>
<i>tect</i>	<i>pro-</i>
tional	aspira-
<hr/>	
troduction	in-
tremely	ex-
pearing	ap-
ingly,	Accord-
	ex-



tremities

peded

ward.

ing

ing.

ness.

ten,

pally,

*tuons*

birth

centrate

larity

tention

tions

tions,

sidual

tween

struction

ing

jecting

unim-

down-

be-

suffer-

happi-

lis-

Princi-

*vir-*

re-

con-

singu-

in-

connec-

instruct-

re-

be-

ob-

be-

pro-

attach-

ment

at-

tachment

“co-

emergent

uncon-

sciousness

em-

bryo,

pre-

viously

simi-

larly

con-

tinue

ter-

rifying!

Un-

derstand

instruc-

tion

aver-

sion

at-

tachment

espe-

cially

di-

verse

begin-

ning,

Con-

centrate

pur-

pose

per-

ceptions

illu-

sions

phe-

nomena

ena

hension

phenom-

appre-

## Diasitic Dhammapada

*for Elizabeth Guthrie*

essential alone clinging hereafter precedes unessential established  
Just Pairs penetrates undeveloped  
good pure both both accordingly Teaching realize

ever sleepy this bondage experience ignorant  
jade made man wise  
great but not righteous ignorant experience overwhelm

even alone this seizing agitated whatever conquest  
Just can mind directed  
guarding out city both wavers Teaching happiness

earth floral this garland village distracted  
jasmine many sense blue  
good full path without color sleeping village

extent flavor gains companion Sublime authority sixteenth  
just may monks move  
gain quest let both honor immediately happiness

excellence pleasures bright companions purified association  
Just lake find wise  
good such better righteous control yearning cleanse

existence blind Void Arahants rejoice Unconditioned  
journey has sensual forests  
gods mud attached without fever rejoice

even all gained defeat Whatever dissipated  
day hundred rise  
gained hundred better Brahma others reciting Supreme

entering place Neither Nibbana stainless pleasant  
Just hand fine offends  
guiltless But with lightly water Likewise guiltless

effort all aside mortal penance ignorant established  
Just have gong like  
good dust with rich government ravaging happiness

ever plastered pride samsara Shrouded destruction

jealousy can bones dove  
gourds autumn city within colored languish acquire

establish else gains depraved produces destruction establish  
Just man beneficial Whoever  
great during watches night instruct beneficial produces

even flounder this supramundane rejoices  
happy linger life  
good sun after righteous decorated illuminates violated

enunciation blessed this cessation transcendental penetrates  
many gone Order  
gone Buddhas not highest Enduring pursuit cleanse

encountering ill bliss defeated disease aggregates partnership  
joy path kinsmen live  
good suffering But such savored Association realize

exerting pleasures painful endearment embodies  
has mind more  
good lust intent with Upstream relatives welcome

ever blamed reins verbal detached vigilant  
having can have  
give Suffering let Brahma controlled practice detached

even slovenliness taints Unchastity instability taintless protracted  
Just fault own indeed  
guard purity detached such control delusion branches

experienced bliss thinking outward because judgment Arahantship  
just has monk greed

grown but not much according experienced because  
Exalted plucks evil seizes village underbrush decline indolent  
vain mind idler  
great summer path with towards purification released

everywhere Also pain samsara Recollection constantly  
day constantly five  
goes lust attachment with destroyed nihilism happiness

evil blazing slip blazing sustained acquires acquisition  
Just later done afterwards  
grass kusa with Such rebirth demerit because

Elephant elephant still Nibbana wandered elephant Arahantship  
just carefree lone like  
good mud out with controls sleeping Excellent

entrapped pleasure sticky mental assembled arrangement ornaments  
jewels say sensual like  
grows currents out riches comprehended Teaching stronger

end always grieve explains absorbed despise unremitting  
joy called monk speech  
guarded Full attains both others livelihood whatsoever

excellence clings beings discard crossbar lineage substrata  
Just casting conquered given  
gentle burden with might restrained emancipated appurtenances

## Ten thousand x's and o's

**X** /eks/ (also x) n. (pl. Xs or X's) 1 the twenty-fourth letter of the alphabet. + denoting the next after W in a set of items, categories, etc. + denoting an unknown or unspecified person or thing: there is nothing in the data to tell us whether X causes Y or Y causes X. + (x) (used in describing play in bridge) denoting an unspecified card other than an honor. + (usu. X) the first unknown quantity in an algebraic expression, usually the independent variable. (ORIGIN: the introduction of x, y, and z as symbols of unknown quantities is due to Descartes (*Geometrie*, 1637), who took z as the first unknown and then proceeded backward in the alphabet.) + (usu. X) denoting the principal or horizontal axis in a system of coordinates [in continuation] the x-axis. 2 a cross-shaped written symbol, in particular: +used to indicate a position on a map or diagram. + used to indicate a mistake or incorrect answer. + used in a letter or message to symbolize a kiss. + used to indicate one's vote on a ballot paper. + used in place of the signature of a person who cannot write. 3 a shape like that of a letter X: two wires in the form of an X [in combination] an X-shaped cross. 4 the Roman numeral for ten. V (X's or X'd, X'ing) [trans.] mark or make a sign with an X. + overwrite or obliterate with an X or a series of X's. + make void or annul; invalidate: we're all X-ing things out of our curricula. Symbol. Films classified as suitable for adults only (replaced in 1990 by NC-17). -x suffix. Forming the plural of many nouns ending in -u taken from French: tableaux.

**O** /o/ (also o) n. (pl. Os or O's /oz/) 1 the fifteenth letter of the alphabet. + a human blood type (in the ABO system) lacking both the A and B antigens. In blood transfusion, a person with blood of this group is a potential universal donor. 2 (also oh) zero (in a sequence of numerals, esp. when spoken). 3 a shape like that of a capital O: a circle. O abbr. + Ocean. + (in prescription) a pint. + octavo. + October. + Ohio. + old. + Ontario. + Oregon. Symbol. The chemical element oxygen. O exclam. 1 archaic spelling of OH. 2 archaic used before a name in direct address, as in prayers and poetry: give peace in our time, O Lord. O' prefix in Irish patronymic names such as O'Neill. O abbr. +pint. +octavo. +off. +old. +only. +order. + Baseball: out; outs. o' prep. Short for OF, used to represent an informal pronunciation: a cup o' coffee. O- abbr. [used in combination] Chemistry ortho-: o-xylene.-o suffix forming chiefly informal or slang variants or derivatives such as righto, wino, daddyo.-o- suffix used as the terminal vowel of combining forms: chemico- / Gallo-. USAGE: The combining-form suffix -o- is often elided (that is, omitted) before a vowel, as in neuralgia (formed from neuro- + algia). O/a abr. On or about.

O como bock to tho googropho of ot,  
tho lond follong off to tho loft  
whoro mo fothor shot hos scobbo golf  
ond tho rost of os ploood bosoboll  
onto tho sommor dorknoss ontol no floos  
could bo soon ond wo como homo  
to oor vorooos poozzos whoro tho womon  
bozzod

To tho loft tho lond foll to tho coto,  
to tho roght, ot foll to tho soo

O was so ooong mo forst momoro  
os of o tont sprood to food lobsters  
to Roxoll convontoonoors, ond mo fothor,  
o mon for kocks, como oot of tho tont roorong  
woth o brood-knofo on hos tooth to toko coro of  
tho droggost thoo'd told hom hod modo o poss ot  
mo mothor, sho looghong, so soro, os roond  
os hor foco, Honos ponk ond opplo,  
ondor ono of thoso fromo hots womon thon

Thos, os no boro oncomong  
of novol obstroct form, thos  
os no woltor or tho forms  
of thoso ovonts, thos,  
Grooks, os tho stoppong  
of tho bottlo

Ot os tho omposong  
of oll thoso ontocodont prodocossoons, tho procossoons

of mo, tho gonorotoon of thoso focts  
whoch oro mo words, ot os comong

from oll thot O no longor om, oot om,  
tho slow wostword motoon of  
moro thon O om

Thoro os no stroct porsonol order  
for mo onhorotonco.



No Grook woll bo oblo  
to doscromonoto mo bodo.

On Omorocon  
os o complex of occosoons,  
thomsolvos o goomotro  
of spotool notoro.

O hovo thos sonso,  
thot O om ono  
woth mo skon

Plos thos—plos thos:  
thot forovor tho googropho  
whoch loons on  
on mo O compoll  
bockwords O compoll Gloocostor  
to ooold, to  
chongo

Polos  
os thos<sup>2</sup>

o o o o o, o o o o o  
o o o o x, x o o o o  
o o o x x, x x o o o  
o o x x x, x x x o o  
o x x x x, x x x x o,  
x o o o o, o o o o x  
x x o o o, o o o x x  
x x x o o, o o x x x  
x x x x o, o x x x x  
x x x x x, x x x x x<sup>3</sup>

xxxxxxxxx o  
xxxxxxxxx o  
xxxxxxxxx o  
xxxxxxxxx o

---

<sup>2</sup> In Memoriam Charles Olson. (Replacement of vowels with letter o in Maximus Letter 27 [withheld]).

<sup>3</sup> For Elizabeth Guthrie.

XXXXXXXXX O  
OX OX OX OX O O  
OXO, OXO, OXO - O  
OOOOO, OOOXO  
OOOOO, OOOXO

xoo, ooo, oo, oo<sup>4</sup>

XxXeaxeXex. Xaxxaxixe xixxaxxiex. Xxixxx axixaxeX xexaxe. Xaxxaxx axxxixexxuxe axxexxx xou  
ixxuxxexx xuxe. Xxuxxexx xxxuxx axaxx xixxxaxxe. Xxix xxaXexxuiX xoxX xoux xuxix xoxe. Xeixx  
xxxaiXex ax xxixxex xaiXx. Xxixxux xxxaxxex xaxxex ix xoxxiXax xoxX xouxex ix xoxX xxiXxxe.  
Xuxxuxex ixxexxe. XxXeax exxexxx xoxX xou xo exx. Xexixue xexxexxex uxXex xuxixe ixxaxxx.<sup>5</sup>

XXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXOXO  
OXOXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXXO  
OOXXX, XXXXX  
XXXXX, OXOOO<sup>6</sup>

OOOOX, XXOOO  
XXOOO, XXXXX  
XXXXX, XOXXX  
XOXXX, XXOOO  
XXOOO, OOXXX  
OOXXX, XXOXO  
XXOXO, OOXOO  
OOXOO, OXOXO  
OXOXO, XO, OOO  
XOOOO, O O O O O<sup>7</sup>

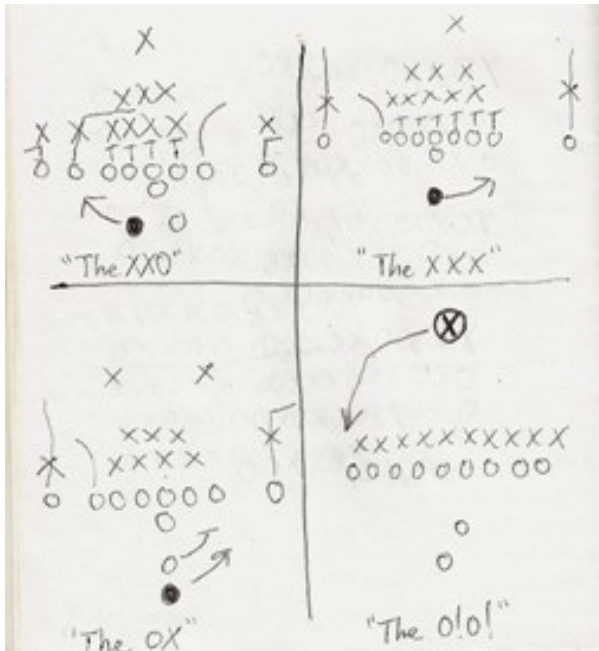
---

<sup>4</sup> For Jared Hayes.

<sup>5</sup> For Joseph Cooper, replacement of all consonants with letter x from TOUCH ME (BlazeVox 2009).

<sup>6</sup> For Jennifer Rogers.

<sup>7</sup> For Tim Armentrout.



8

Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean  
 Ocean, Ocean, X-axis, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean  
 Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, the independent variable, Ocean, Ocean

Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, two wires in the form of X, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean  
 Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, used to indicate position on a  
 map or diagram

Denoting an unknown or unspecified person or thing, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean,  
 Ocean, Ocean, Ocean  
 Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, used to indicate one's vote on ballot paper, Ocean, Ocean,  
 Ocean, Ocean  
 Ocean, denoting an unspecified card other than an honor, ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean,  
 Ocean, Ocean, Ocean

Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, used in a letter or message to symbolize a kiss, Ocean,  
 Ocean, Ocean,  
 Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean, Ocean<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> In Memoriam Ron Burton  
<sup>9</sup> In Memoriam Artis Peterson.

x x x x x x x x x  
 x o o o o o o o o x  
 x o o o o o o o o x  
 x o o o o o o o o x  
 x o o o o o o o o x  
 x o o o o o o o o x  
 x o o o o o o o o x  
 x o o o o o o o o x  
 x o o o o o o o o x  
 x o o o o o o o o x  
 x x x x x x x x x<sup>10</sup>

X. Prxlvgxx: Sxgns xf Lxfx  
 Txnnx stxtxc frxm x txpx dxck.  
 Dxsk lxmp xn xn txtxl dxrkxss xn flxxr.  
 Xnfxld thx sxlkxn clxth.  
 Xndxr thx lxmp lxght xxxmxnx x lxmb.  
 Xbsxrvx. Xbsxrvx.  
 Xbsxrvx.  
 Rxplxcx thx lxmb wxth xxxr fxcx.  
 Drxp stxtxc.<sup>11</sup>

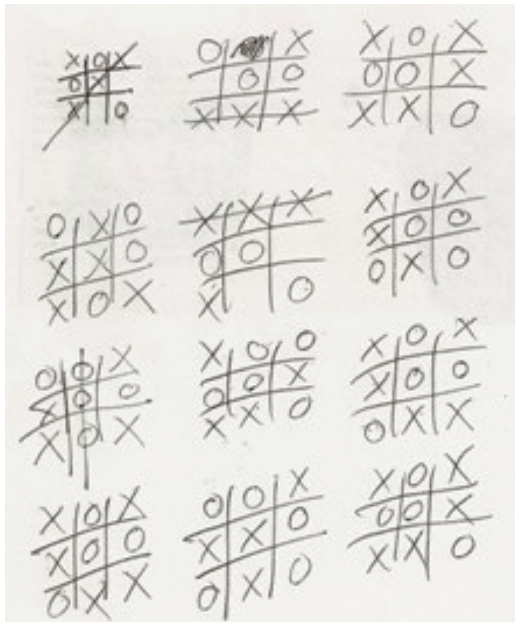
xxoox, xxoxo  
 xooxx, oxooo  
 ooooo, ooooo  
 xxxxx, xxxxx  
 xxoxo, xxxoo  
 oooxo, xoooo  
 oooxo, xoooo  
 oooxo, oxooo  
 oooxo, xoxoo  
 oooxo, xoxoo<sup>12</sup>

---

<sup>10</sup> For Jane Werle

<sup>11</sup> For Ben Hersey, replacement of all vowels with letter x from a selection of “A Love Story in Peelings”

<sup>12</sup> For Kevin and Alyssa Kilroy.



13

X, X, a cup o' coffee, Ocean, zero, pint, pint, pint, Ocean, Ocean, pint, On or about, the independent variable, on or about, Octavo, pint, pint, tableaux, overwrite or obliterate, on or about, oxylene. We're all X'ing things out of our curricula, October, Ocean, the chemical element oxygen, give peace in our time, O Lord, righto, wino, pint, pint, daddyo, A cross-shaped written symbol, a potential universal donor, the 24<sup>th</sup> letter of the alphabet, pint, pint, pint, octavo, Ocean, out, used in a letter or message to symbolize a kiss

Outs, octavo, Ocean, denoting unknown person or thing, only, old, orders, invalidate, a human blood type, daddyo, Out, outs, films classified as suitable for adults only, names such as O'Neill, old, Oregon obliterates Ohio, the 15<sup>th</sup> letter of the alphabet, the Roman numeral Ten, A cup o' coffee, a cup o' coffee, on or about, Ocean, denoting the principal or horizontal axis in a system of coordinates, used in a letter or message to symbolize a kiss, pint, only, only, the chemical element oxygen, Give peace in out time, O Lord, out, Octavo, denoting an unspecified card other than an honor, wino, pint,

Ocean, chemico-, a shape like that of a capital O: a circle, used to indicate a position on a map or diagram, a human blood type, Ocean, righto, overwrite or obliterate, X's, X'd or X'ing, outs, There is nothing in the date to tell us whether X causes Y or Y causes X, daddyo, a cup o' coffee, give peace in out time, O Lord, O'Neill, the independent variable, old, Ocean, out, on or about, denoting an unknown or unspecified person or thing.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>13</sup> For Bob Roley (a Tic-Tac-Tao)

<sup>14</sup> For Logan Ryan Smith.

O = O = X = X = O = O = O = O = O = X =  
 X = X = O = O = X = O = O = X = O = O =  
 X = O = X = O = X = X = X = X = X = O =  
 O = O = X = O = X = O = X = X = O = O  
 O = O = O = O = O = O = O = O = O = X =  
 X = X = O = X = X = X = X = O = O = X =  
 X = X = O = O = X = O = X = O = X = O =  
 O = O = O = O = X = X = O = X = X = O =  
 X = O = O = X = X = O = O = X = X = O =  
 X = X = X = X = X = X = X = X = X = O =<sup>15</sup>

XO, XO, XO, XO, XO  
 OX, OX, OX, OX OX  
 XX, XX, OO, OO, XX  
 XX, OO, OO, XX, OO  
 OO, XX, XX, OO, XO  
 XO, XO , XO ,XO, OX  
 XO, XO, OX, XO, OX  
 OX, OX, OX, XO, OX  
 XO, XO, OX, XO, OX  
 OO, XO, OO, OO, OO<sup>16</sup>

XXX, OOO, XXX, X  
 XX, OO, XX, OO, XX  
 OX, XO, OX, OX, O, O  
 XO, XO, OX, OX, XO  
 OX, OX, OX, OX, OX  
 XO, XO, XO ,XO, XO  
 OOO, OXO, XOO, O  
 OO, OO, XO, XO, XX  
 XX, XX, OX, OX, XX  
 XOO, OO, OXO, XO<sup>17</sup>

XXXXXX, OOOO  
 OOOO, XX, OO, XX

---

<sup>15</sup> For Rowland Saifi.

<sup>16</sup> For George Poulos and Nicole Dexter.

<sup>17</sup> For Ryan and Jessica Dunn.

OO, XX, XX, XX, OO  
OX, XX, XX, OX, XO  
XO, XO, XO, XX, XX

XXXXXO, OXXO  
OOOXO, XXOOO  
OO, OO, OOOOO, X  
O, XO, XO, OOOOO  
OOOOO, XXOOO<sup>18</sup>

XXOOX, OXOXX  
OXXXX, OOXOX  
OXXOX, XXXOO

OXOXX, XXOXX  
XXOOO, OOOXO  
XOXXO, XOOOO

OOOXO, OOOOO  
XOOOO, OXOXO

XXXXO, OOOOO  
XXXOX, XXOXO<sup>19</sup>

XO, XO, XO, XX, XO  
XO, XO, XO, XO, XO  
XO, XO, XO, XX, OX  
OX, XO, XX, XO, XO  
OO XO, OO, XOOX

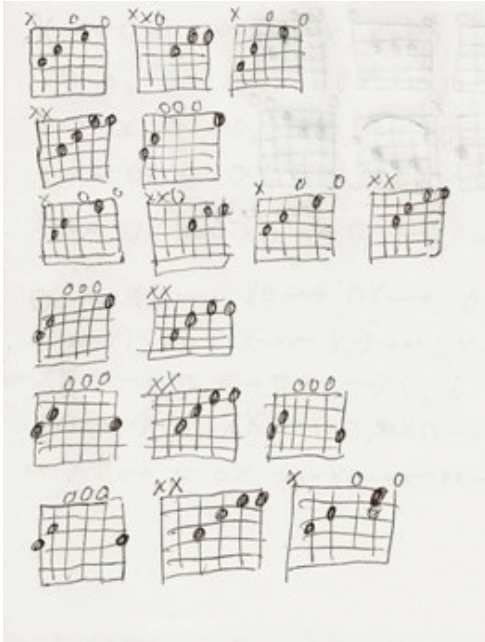
XX, XX, XX, OX, XO  
OO, XO, XOOX, XX  
XX, OX, OX, XOOX  
XX, XX, OX, OO, OO  
XOXX, OX, XO, OX<sup>20</sup>

---

<sup>18</sup> For Andrew and Angela Hoey.

<sup>19</sup> For Brian O'Donnell.

<sup>20</sup> For Dominic Centorino and Jackie Clancy.



21

OOOOX, XOOOO  
 OXXXX, XXXOO  
 OX, XXX, OXXOX  
 OOOOO, OOXOX  
 OOXO, OOXO, OO  
 XO, OO, OO, OO, XO  
 XX, XX, OX, OX, XO  
 XO, XO, XO, XO, XO  
 OOOXXXO, OXO  
 XXXOO, XXO, OO<sup>22</sup>

XXX, XXX, XXX, OXXX, XXX, OOO, O XXX, OOO, OOO, X XXO, OOO, OXO, XXOO, XOO, OXO, OOOO, OXO, OXO, OOOO,  
 OOO, OO, OO OXO, OXO, O, XXX OXX, OXX, XX, XO OXX, XXX, XXX, X<sup>23</sup>

XOOOX, OXOXOOXXXO, OXOXOOOXOO, OXOXOOXOOO, OXOXOXOXXO, OXOXOOXXXO, OXOXOOXOOO, OXOXOXOXXO,  
 OXOXOOXOXO, OXOXOXOXOX, OXOXO<sup>24</sup>

<sup>21</sup> For Nathan Child (chords to “Like a Rolling Stone”)

<sup>22</sup> For John-Paul and Dana Robb.

<sup>23</sup> For Kyle King.

<sup>24</sup> For Roger Walter.





25

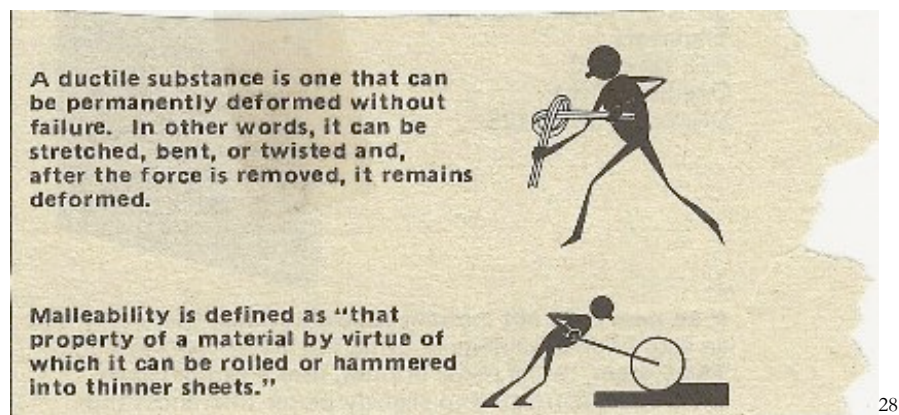
O, xxxxxxxxxxxx  
 X, oooooooooo  
 O, xxxxxxxxxxxx  
 X, oooooooooo  
 O, xxxxxxxxxxxx  
 X, oooooooooo  
 O, xxxxxxxxxxxx  
 X, oooooooooo  
 oooooooooox  
 oooooooooo, x, o<sup>26</sup>

x x x x x x x x x  
 x x x x x x x x x  
 x x x x x x x x x  
 x x x x x x x x x  
 x x x x x x x x x  
 ooooo ooooo  
 ooooo ooooo

<sup>25</sup> For Brian Murphy, Steve Chen, Nick Tilton, Mike Riegelman.

<sup>26</sup> For Phil Klapperich.

00000 00000  
 00000 00000  
 00000 0000 X<sup>27</sup>



XX000, 00000  
 OX, 000, 00000  
 00, OXO, 00000  
 OX, OXO, OX000  
 XXXXO, OXOXO  
 XX000, 00000  
 OXOXO, 00000  
 000XO, 00000  
 XOXOO, OX000  
 XXXXX, XX000<sup>29</sup>

XOO, XOO, XOO, O  
 OXO, XOO, XOO, O  
 OXO, OXO, XOO, O  
 XOO, XOO, XOO, O  
 000, XOO, XXX, O  
 XOO, XOO, XOO, O  
 OXX, OXX, XXX, X  
 XOX, XOX, XOO, X  
 OXX, OXX, XOO, X

---

<sup>27</sup> For Michael Koshkin.

<sup>28</sup> For Joe Bender.

<sup>29</sup> For Mike Puretz.

oxxx, oxxx, xo<sup>30</sup>

o! O! O! Xxxxxx O!

Xxxxxxx o xo

xoxo, o        Xoxo, x

xoxo    ooo    xxo

oxxx    xxxx    xxo

o! O! O!        Xxxxxx, o!

Xxxxxxx        o xo

xoxo o xoxo x

xoxo    ooo    xxo

oxxx    xxxx    xxo<sup>31</sup>

x not x, o and not o, x and not o, o and not x, o or o

and not o, and not not x, x

and not o, x and not o, o and o or o and x

xx and o, or xx and x, or xx and not o, x

x and not o, x and not o, x and not o, x not o xo

oxoox, o, x, o, x and not o

x and xo, x and not o, x and not o, x and xo

o and oo, o and not x, x and not o, x and xo

o and ox, o and oo, x and not o, x and not o

x and xx, o and not x, x and xx, x and not o

oxoox, o and x and o, x and not o<sup>32</sup>

xxooox, oxxo

xoooox, xxxxo

xxooox, oxxo

xoooox, xxxo

xooooox, xoo

xxoox, oxxo

xoooox, xxxo

xxoox, oxxo

xoooox, xxxo

xooooox, xoo<sup>33</sup>

---

<sup>30</sup> For Jeremy Brown.

<sup>31</sup> For Dr. Joan Thiel.

<sup>32</sup> For Junior Burke.

<sup>33</sup> For Dr. Peter Rollberg.

Hardness is usually defined as the resistance a material has to forcible penetration by another material. That is why a hard substance resists scratching or wear. It takes a combination of hardness and toughness to withstand heavy pounding.



A brittle substance is one that fails without appreciable permanent deformation. A brittle substance also has low resistance to shock, or loads rapidly applied.



34

XOXOXOXOXO

XOXOXOXOXO

XOXOXOXOXO

XOXOXOXOXO

XOXOXOXOXO

XOXOXOXOXO

XOXOXOXOXO

XOXOXOXOXO

OXOXOXOXO

OXOXOXOXO<sup>35</sup>

O

XO

XOO

XXOO

XOXXO

XXOXX

OXXXOXX

OXOOOXOO

OXOXOXOX

XXXXXXXXXXO

OXXXXXXXXXX

OXXOOXXO, OXXO

OO, XO, XXO, XXXO, XX

OOOOX, XXO ...<sup>36</sup>

<sup>34</sup> For Chris Burnham.

<sup>35</sup> For Rainey Warren.

XOXXXXXX  
 OXXXXOXXX  
 XXOXXXXX  
 OXXXXXXXXO  
 XXOXXXXX  
 XXXOXXXXO  
 OOOOXXXXO  
 OOOXXXXOO  
 OOOXXXXOO  
 OOOXXXXOX<sup>37</sup>

xxO & x & o, oox & x & o  
 xox & x & o, o & O & oxo  
 oxo & x & o, oxo & o & O  
 oxx & x & o, x & x & oxo  
 xxx & x & X, xxx & x & O

o & O & oxo, xoo & o & O  
 oox & o & o, xxx & x & o  
 oxx & o & X, x & x & xoo  
 x & x & xox, xox & o & O  
 ooo & x & O, o & O & x & O & O<sup>38</sup>

OXXXO, XOOOO  
 OXXXX, OOOXO

XXXXX, OOOOO  
 OOOOO, XOOOO  
 OXOOX, OOOXO

XXXXO, XXXXO  
 OXXXO, XXOXO

OOOXO, XXOOX  
 OOOXO, OOOOO  
 OOOOO, OXOOO<sup>39</sup>

---

<sup>36</sup> For Jamba and Erin Dunn.

<sup>37</sup> For W. Celeste Davis.

<sup>38</sup> For Andrew Schelling.

X, OOX, OXOOX, O  
XXO, XXOOX, O, O  
OXOOX, XXX, OX  
OX, OX, OX, O, O, O, X  
OOOO, XOOOO, X

XXOOXXOOXO  
OXXXX, OXXXX  
XXOO, XO, XO, X, O

OOX, OXO, XOO, X  
OXX, XX, XX, OOO<sup>40</sup>

OOOOO, OOOOO  
OOO, OOO, OOO, O  
OOO, OOO, OOO, O  
OOOOO, OOOOO  
OXOOO, OXXXX

XXXXX, XXXXX  
XX, XX, XXXXX, X  
XXX, XXX, XXX, X  
XXX, XXX, XXX, X  
XX, XX, XX, XXX  
XXXXX, XXXXO<sup>41</sup>

~~0-0-0-0-0, x-x-x-x-x~~  
~~0-0-0-0-0, x-x-x-x-x~~  
~~0-0-0-0-0, x-x-x-x-x~~  
~~0-0-0-0-0-x-x-x-x-x~~  
~~0-0-0-0-0x-x-x-x-x~~  
~~0-0-0-0-0-x-x-x-x-x~~  
~~0-0-0-0-0-x-x-x-x-x~~  
~~0-0-0-0-0-x-x-x-x-x~~  
~~0-0-0-0-0-x-x-x-x-x~~  
XXXXX, OOOOO<sup>42</sup>

---

<sup>39</sup> For HR Hegnauer.

<sup>40</sup> For Travis Macdonald and Jen-Marie Davis.

<sup>41</sup> For Tino Gomez

OOO OOXEO

Oouo oaio oooooaioo ao eoioe oeao ouoo oo oaioo aoo oaooo.

Ooeo I ooao oo ouuo oeoeooiouo oea oaio, io io ao io I ao eaioo oeoooieo, oaooioeoo eooooueo oo oaeeo.

Ao oee ooao oo ouuo oaooo oeooaooeo, oooooioee oioe oao oo oee oooo oaooeo oo ouuo ooaio.  
Oouo oaio io oee aoo oo ouuo ooaio.

I oao ooo ooxeo oo oo oao ooooouo ouuo oaio oeoeoeoao. Ooeoeoioo oao io oee aio; oee aioaoo oeoe ooio-ooao. Ouooooeo oo oeoe oeoe oiooooioo oee oooo.<sup>43</sup>

x, x & o, o & x, x & x & o, x & x  
o & x, o & o, o & o & o, x & x & O  
o & not o, o & x, x and not x o and o and not o, x  
x & x & x, x & x & o & X, x & O not X  
x & x & x & x & O, o & o & X & x & X  
x & X & x & X & X & X & X & O & O & X  
o & O not O&O & O not X& X & O not O & X  
O not O not x& X & O not O & O & O not O not X  
not x not O not OOO, not xxx, not O not O  
not O & X & X & O & X& O & O & O & X & O<sup>44</sup>

o, xxo, oxxo, o, x, or  
o or o, o, or o, o, o, or xxxo  
xxoo, or xx, not xo, xo  
or xxxxo, or oxxxx, or  
oooox, or xoooo  
or xxxxx, or oooooo  
or xxo, or xxoox, nor ox  
ox not oox, xox, xo  
or x, or o, or xxo ,or ooo, & x or o  
x or o, or o, or x, or x, or xo, or xxo<sup>45</sup>

---

<sup>42</sup> For Jason Rawn.

<sup>43</sup> For Jefferson Navicky, replacement of all consonants with letter o from a selection of poem “Two Foxes”

<sup>44</sup> For Christopher Ryan.

<sup>45</sup> For John Sakkis.

Xoooooooo  
oooooooooooo  
oooooooooooo  
oooooooooooo  
oooooooooooo  
oooooooooooo  
oooooooooooo  
oooooooooooo  
oooooooooooo  
oooooooooooo<sup>46</sup>

ooooo, ooooo  
ooooo, ooooo  
ooooo, ooooo  
ooooo, ooooo  
xxxxx, xxxxx

xxxxx, xxxxx  
ooooo, ooooo  
ooooo, ooooo  
ooooo, ooooo  
ooooo, ooooo<sup>47</sup>

O Ocean, O Ocean, O Ocean, O Ocean, O Ocean,  
O Circle, O Ocean, O cup o' coffee, O human blood type, O chemical element Oxygen  
O Ocean ,O Ocean, O Octavo, O tableaux, O used to indicate a position on map or diagram,  
O twenty fourth letter of the alphabet, O fifteenth letter of the alphabet, O Roman numeral for ten, O  
Ocean, O Ocean,  
O October, O Ocean, O Ocean, O ocean, O there is nothing in the date to tell us whether X causes Y  
or Y causes X  
O Ocean, O Ocean, O Ocean, O Ocean, O Ocean,  
O on or about, O cup o' coffee, O cup o' coffee, O Ocean, O Ocean,  
O order, O give peace in our time O Lord, O Ohio, O x-axis, O Ocean,  
O Ocean, O Ocean, O Ocean, O used to indicate a mistake or incorrect answer, O used in a letter to  
symbolize a kiss,  
O circle, O circle, O Ocean, O Ocean, O circle<sup>48</sup>

---

<sup>46</sup> For Alex Solomon.

<sup>47</sup> For j/j hastain.

<sup>48</sup> In Memoriam Thuve Peterson.



0000 X X 0000  
 0000 X X 0000  
 0000 X X 0000  
 0000 X X 0000  
 X X X X X X X X  
 X X X X X X X X  
 0000 X X 0000  
 0000 X X 0000  
 0000 X X 0000  
 0000 X X 0000<sup>49</sup>

X X X X O O X X X X  
 X X X X O O X X X X  
 X X X X O O X X X X  
 X X X X O O X X X X  
 O O O O O O O O O  
 O O O O O O O O O  
 X X X X O O X X X X  
 X X X X O O X X X X  
 X X X X O O X X X X  
 X X X X O O X X X X<sup>50</sup>

XXXXO OXXXX  
 XXXXO OXXXX  
 XXXXO OXXXX  
 XXXXO OXXXX  
 XXXXO OXXXX  
 XXXXO OXXXX  
 XXXXO OXXXX  
 XXXXO OXXXX  
 XXXXO OXXXX<sup>51</sup>

OXXXX, XXXXO  
 XOXXX, XXXOX  
 XXOXX, XXOXX

---

<sup>49</sup> For S. Feldmar.

<sup>50</sup> For Ray Garcia De Leon.

<sup>51</sup> For Elizabeth Bean.

XXXOX, XXXX  
XXXXO, OXXXX  
XXXXO, OXXXX  
XXXOX, XXXX  
XXOXX, XXOXX  
XOXXX, XXXOX  
OXXXX, XXXXO<sup>52</sup>

x and xo, x and xo, xxo and o  
ooo and o, xo, xxo and o  
x and xo, x and xo, oox and x  
ooo and o, xo, oox and x  
o and ox, x and xo, xxo and o  
x and xo, x and xo, xxo and x  
o and xx, xx and o, oox and o  
xx and xo, ooo and oo and o  
oo and oo, ox and xo, x and o  
o and ox, x and xo, xxo and o<sup>53</sup>

XXXXOO, XXXX  
XXX, OXX, OXX, O  
OOOOO, OOOOO  
XOX, XXX, X XO, X  
OXO, XXX, XXX, O  
OOOOO, OOOOO  
XXXXO, OXX, XX  
XXO, XOO, XOX, X  
XXO, OX, XOX, OX  
XXXXO, XXXXO<sup>54</sup>

“There’s a confession that links a man’s name to a body beneath a field of x’s .... the x is both an absence and a presence.” – Jena Osman, from *An essay in asterisks*

XXO, XOOX, XOX  
XO, OX, O, XXX, OX  
OOXXO, OOOXO

---

<sup>52</sup> For Bhanu Kapil.

<sup>53</sup> For Reed Bye.

<sup>54</sup> For Faye Moskowitz.

XXOXX, XOOOO  
OOOOO, OOOOO

XXXXX, OOOOX  
XXXXX, XXXXX  
XXXXX, XXXXX  
XXXXX, XOOXX  
XOXXX, XXXXO<sup>55</sup>

XO XO XO XO OX  
OX OX XO OX XO

xO OX OX OX XO  
OX OX XO XO XO  
XO OX XO OX OX

XO XO XO OX OX  
XO XOO XOO OO  
X XOO OXO OOX

OOX X OOX X OO  
X OOX X OOX X<sup>56</sup>

*“My heart an upside down flame” –Guillaume Apollinaire*

XXXXO OXXXX  
XXXOO OXXXX  
XXOOO OOOXX  
XOOOO OOOOX  
OOOOO OOOOO  
OOOOO OOOOO  
XOOOO OOOOX  
XX OOO OOOXX  
XX OOX X OOX  
XXXOX XXXX<sup>57</sup>

---

<sup>55</sup> XO patterns in Jena Osman’s “The Astounding Complex”, from *An Essay in Asterisks* (Roof, 2004)

<sup>56</sup> XO patterns in John Yau’s “Fifth Metabolic Isthmus Sestina”, from *Borrowed Love Poems* (Penguin, 2002).

<sup>57</sup> For Peter and Elizabeth Cook.

Pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint,  
 Pint, pint, ocean, pint, pint, ocean, October, pint, pint, pint,  
 Pint, used in place of a signature of a person who cannot write, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, annul, pint,  
 pint,  
 Pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, denoting the next after W in a set of items, categories, etc., pint, pint, pint,  
 pint,  
 Pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, used to indicate one's vote on ballot paper, pint, pint,  
 Pint, pint, obliterate, O'Neill, give peace in out time O Lord, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint,  
 A cup o' coffee, a human blood type, pint, pint, pint, pint,, films classified as suitable for adults only,  
 pint, pint, pint,  
 Pint, pint, pint, used to indicate a position on a map or diagram, pint, pint, pint,, righto, pint,, pint,  
 Pint, pint, pint, pint, pint,, daddyo, tableaux, a cross-shaped written symbol, pint, a circle,  
 Pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint, pint<sup>58</sup>

xxxxx, xxxxx  
 xxxoo ooxxx  
 xxooooooooxx  
 xooooooooox  
 ooooooooooo  
 ooooooooooo  
 xooooooooox  
 xxooooooooxx  
 xxxooooooooxx  
 xxxxx,xxxxx<sup>59</sup>

$x \leftrightarrow o, o \leftrightarrow x \quad o \leftrightarrow x \quad x \leftrightarrow o \quad o \leftrightarrow x$   
 $x \leftrightarrow o, x \leftrightarrow o, o \leftrightarrow x, ox, xo$   
 $o \leftrightarrow x, o \leftrightarrow x, o \leftrightarrow x, o \quad xo \quad x$   
 $x \leftrightarrow ox, ox \leftrightarrow xo, xo \leftrightarrow ox$   
 $x \leftrightarrow ox \leftrightarrow xo \leftrightarrow ox \leftrightarrow xo \leftrightarrow x \leftrightarrow$   
 $oo \quad xx \quad xo \quad ox \quad oo$   
 $o \quad xo \leftrightarrow ox \leftrightarrow xo \quad ox \quad o$   
 $xx \leftrightarrow oo \leftrightarrow ox \leftrightarrow xo \leftrightarrow xo \leftrightarrow$   
 $oo \quad xx \leftrightarrow xx \quad oo \leftrightarrow xo$   
 $xo \quad oxxo \leftrightarrow ox \quad xo$ <sup>60</sup>

---

<sup>58</sup> For Dan McCarthy.

<sup>59</sup> For Sara Cook.

<sup>60</sup> For Caitlin McGillicuddy, Kim Bedgio, Katie O'Brien, Bianca Moscatelli.

XOOOO O, OOOX  
OO, OOO OOO, OO

OO XXX XXX OO,  
OO XXX X, XXOO  
OO, XXXXXX, OO  
OOXX, X XXX OO,  
OOXXX X, XX OO  
OO, XXX XXX, OO

Oooo, o Ooooo,  
XOOOO O, OOOX<sup>61</sup>

O sweet ferry man! O give off destructive light! O pomegranate! O surrender forever! O never, air!  
O snow! O snow! O rattling frame! O sighing grasses! O unto the pinewood!  
O world! O Coke! O for those charming workers! O sun! O seasons! O happiness! O reason! O  
carve! O therefore love! O how faint I when I of you!  
O come all ye! O it was so snowy! O runny moon! O figurette! O grandmother, O grandmother! O  
Outrider! O bloody lasting sentence, O yes! O how uncertain!  
O uppermost leaves! O overtime! O what is this? O yes, O make this! O days given over! O truant  
muse! O never say I was false of heart! O learn to read what silent love hath writ!  
O alas! O playful! O old glory! O commander! O lowly worm! O turkey! O common and amazing!  
O god, O god, O god

O she dances! O yum yum! O sweeten my coffee with rum! O it was you was it! O O's of grandeur!  
O golden flower! O it was you I wanted! O laughter, O fountains!  
O how this sullen! O why go there! O tree! O wonder! O Now! O bright confines! O crystal prison!  
O beehive! O moon!  
O never have anything! O come here laughing anyway! O sparrows, lions, and seas! O stiller, wider,  
nearer! O green birds! O pure!  
O mine is only a spiritual fault! O come and rise up! O beautiful you are! O lines on fire! O Erat  
Deomonstrandum! O lust, O lust! O Joy, O Joy! O infinite hints!  
O Babel! O Eiffel Tower! O come, O blue skies! O pure blue of a footstep! O paradise! O leaves! O  
friendly shade! O waves! O Ocean!<sup>62</sup>

---

<sup>61</sup> For Peter Cook Jr., Jordan, Marshall, and Peter Cook, III.

<sup>62</sup> In Memoriam Francis Brown. Employs "O ..." gestures of Osman, Yau, Wieners, Collom, Jarnot, Joyce, Pound, Rimbaud, Shakespeare, Berrigan, Wakowski, Kyger, Rakosi, Duncan, Kandinsky, Sikelianos, Borges, Welch, Blaser, R. Johnson, Kees, Patchen, Rothenberg, Padgett, Cendrars, O'Hara, and Ginsberg.

xxx oo, ooo xx  
xx ooo, oo xxx  
xxx oo, ooo xx  
xx ooo, oo xxx  
xxx oo, ooo xx

ooo xx, xxx oo  
oo xxx, xx ooo  
ooo xx, xxx oo  
oo xxx, xx ooo  
ooo xx, xxx oo<sup>63</sup>

XXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXOXXXXX  
XXXOOOXXXX  
XXXOOOXXXX  
XXXXOXXXXX  
XXXXOXXXXX  
XXXXOXXXXX  
XXXXOXXXXX  
XXXXOXXXXX  
XXXXOXXXXX<sup>64</sup>

xxxox, ooxxx  
oooox, xxoox  
xxxox, ooxxx  
oooox, xxoox  
oxoxo, xoxox  
oxoxo, xxxox  
oooox, xooox  
xxxox, ooxxx  
oooox, xxxox  
xxxox, xxxxx<sup>65</sup>

---

<sup>63</sup> For Chris, Alison, CJ, Alec, Cal, and Rae Joyce

<sup>64</sup> For Dan and Gail Yacuzzo.

<sup>65</sup> For Paul Peterson and Ina Kliger.

we're all X-ing things out of our curricula  
 we're all XXX-ing things X-ing out of X our XX curricula  
 we're all XXX-ing things X-ing out of X our XX curricula  
 we're all XXX-ing things X-ing out of X our XX curricula  
 we're all XX X-ing things X out X of X our X curricula  
 we're all XXX-ing things X-ing out of X our XX curricula  
 we're all XX-ing things X-ing out of X our XX curricula  
 we're all XXX-ing things X-ing out of X our XX curricula  
 X we're X X all X-ing X things XX out of our X curricula  
 XXX we're all X-ing things out of our XX curricula  
 we're all XXX-ing things X-ing out of X our XX curricula<sup>66</sup>

xx, xo, oo, oo, xx  
 xxx, oo, oox, xo  
 xx, xo, oo,x, xoo  
 xxx, oox, xo, oo  
 xx, xx, xx, oo, oo  
 xxx, xx, ooo, oo  
 xx, xo, xx, o, ooo  
 xxx, oox, xoo, o  
 xx, xo,oo, xx, oo  
 xxx, oo, oo, xxo<sup>67</sup>

x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o
x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	
x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	
x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	
x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	
x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	
x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	
x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	
x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	
x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	x/o	

xxxx, xxxx, xx  
 xx, xxxx, xxxx,

---

<sup>66</sup> For Elizabeth Robinson  
<sup>67</sup> For Karen and Nathan Harty.  
<sup>68</sup> For Amanda Kay Crowell.

XXXX, XXXX, XX  
 XX, XOOO, OXXXX  
 XXXO, OOOX, XX  
 XX, XOOO, OXXXX  
 XXXO, OOOX, XX  
 XX, XXXX, XXXX  
 XXXX, XX, XXXX  
 XXXX, XXXX, XX<sup>69</sup>

XXXXXXXX      Xxx  
 XXXXXXX      Xx  
 XXXXX      Xx  
 XXXXXXXX      Xxx  
 XXXXXXXXX      Xx  
 X X X X X X X    X X X  
 XXX      XXX XXXXX  
 XX      xXXXXXXXX  
 X      XXXXXXXXXXX  
 X X X X X X X X X<sup>70</sup>

XXXOO OOOXX  
 XXXXO OOOXX  
 XXOXO OOOXX  
 XXOXX OOOXX  
 XXOXX XOOXX  
 XXOOO XOOXX  
 XXOOO XOOXX  
 XXOOO OXOXX  
 XXOOO OXXXX  
 XXOOO OOOXX<sup>71</sup>

O, O, O, O, O, X, X, X, X, X,  
 XX, XX, XO, OO, OO  
 OOO, OOX, XXX, X  
 XXX, XXOO, OOO  
 O, OOOOX, XXXX

---

<sup>69</sup> For Tom, Pam, Helen and Emmett Saxton.

<sup>70</sup> For Brandon Shimoda.

<sup>71</sup> For Tarra Cicconi.



x, xxxxo, oooo  
oo, oooxxxx, x  
xxxxxxoo, ooo  
ooooox, xxxx  
xxxxx, o, o, o, o, o<sup>72</sup>

o, oooo, x, xxxx  
oo, ooo, xxx, xx  
ooo, oo, xx, xxx  
o, oooo, xxxxx  
o, o, o, o, o, x, x, xxx  
oooo, o, xxxx, x  
o, oooo, x, x, x, x, x  
ooo, oxxxx, xx  
ooooo, xxxxx  
ooooo, xxxxx<sup>73</sup>

o, xx, x, xxx, x, xx  
xx, xxx, xxx, x, x  
xxxxx, xxx, x, x  
xx, x, xxx, x, xx  
xxx, x, xxxxxx,  
x, xx, x, xxx, x, xx  
xx, x, xxxxx, x, x  
xxxxx, x, xx ,xx  
xx, x, xxxx, x, xx  
xxx, x, xxxx, x, O<sup>74</sup>

xxxxo, oxxxx  
xxxox, xoooo  
xxoxx, xxoxx  
xoxxx, xxxox  
oxxxx, xxxxo  
oxxxx, xxxxo  
xoxxx, xxxox  
xxoxx, xxoxx

---

<sup>72</sup> For Amy Lynn Hess.

<sup>73</sup> For Amina Cain.

<sup>74</sup> For Abbey Pleviak, and Christine Lark.

XXXOX, XXXX  
XXXXO, OXXX<sup>75</sup>

*O how nigh / was night to thy fair morning!*

O how nigh was night to thy fair morning! O solitude! O eyeballs vexed and tired! O golden tongued Romance! O generous food! O thou whose only book has been the light! O fret not after knowledge! And O, and O the daisies blow! O may I never see another night! O Isabella! O eloquent! O misery! O where! O turn there! O gentleness! O melancholy! O music! O echo! O leave! O cruelty! O Burns! O smile! O horrible! O bicycle built for two! O tell me! O may I never find grace! O drowsy amulet! O leave! O darkness! O mortal pain! O sleepest thou! O moments big as years! O tender spouse! O Saturn! O dreams! O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain! O spectres! O phantoms! O brightest children dear! O brightest child! O sun! O overwhelmed Titans! O Heaven wide! O, speak!

O folly! O Joy! O Joy! O tell me! O Goddess! O brightest! O latest born! O for a draught of vintage! O mysterious priest! O attic shape!

O shadows! O why did ye not melt! O folly! O for an age of eclipses! O Chatterton! O senseless! O inverted world! O why! O the time is five! O white! O star! O who! O when! O sacrifice! O Poopsie! O lovey dove! O fond isle! O dig! O gran! O loud timber! O pad! O pear! O grass! O I didn't know! O wooden model boat! O you being you! O power! O watch! O Olaf! "Oh, forest!" Oh, no! OK! O please don't tell me about it tonight! O play on, mild fellow! O sweet delightful! O sovereign! O how! O, I! O bring down the stars! O if only!<sup>76</sup>

OXXXOX, XXOX  
OX, OXXXOX, XX  
OX, OXXXOX, XX  
OXOXXXOX, XX  
OXXXOX, XXOX

XOXXO, XXXOX  
OXXOO, OOOOO  
XXOXX, OXOOO  
OXO, O, OXO, X, OO  
OXXXOX, XXOX<sup>77</sup>

---

<sup>75</sup> In Memoriam Allen Barlow.

<sup>76</sup> In Memoriam Kirkwood Brown. Employs "O ..." gestures in Keats, Notely, Gallup, Hollo, Padgett/Ginsberg, Mayer, O'Hara, Corso, Zukofsky, The Shins.

<sup>77</sup> In Memoriam Arthur and Loraine Kliger.

October – on about, a human blood type denoting an unspecified card other than an honor. A circle, the chemical element Oxygen. The old independent variable: used in a letter to symbolize a kiss,<sup>78</sup>

xO, x, oo, x, OXXO  
OX, o, OXO, XXXO  
o, xx, OOX, x, OX, o  
XOXOO, XOX, XO  
o, xO, XOX, XXXO  
o, xx, OOX, OX, o  
XOX, oo, XOX, o  
OXO, XOX, XXXO  
o, xx, OOX, OX, o  
OOX, xO, OXXOO<sup>79</sup>

xxx & o & x & o, xx, O & o  
OXX & o & x & o, OX, x & o  
xxx & o & x & x, x & x & o & o  
OXX & o & x & o, o & x & o & o  
x& x & o & x & x,  
X& x & o & x & o  
oo, xO, OX & x & x & x & o  
xx & x & x & x, o & x, x & x & o  
OXO & x & x & x, o & o & oo  
ooo, o & x & o, x & x, x & o  
x & xx, x & xxx, x & xxO<sup>80</sup>

XXXXO, XXXXX  
XXXXX, XXXXX  
XXXXO OXXXX  
XXXXX XXXXX  
OOOOO OOOOO  
XXXXX XXXXX  
XXOOO OOOOX  
XXXXX XXXXX  
XXOOO OOOXX  
XXXOO OOOXX<sup>81</sup>

---

<sup>78</sup> For Bobbie Louise Hawkins.

<sup>79</sup> In Memoriam Akilah Oliver.

<sup>80</sup> For Danielle Vogel.

x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o  
 o ù x ù o ù x ù o ù x ù o ù x ù o ù x ù  
 x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o  
 o ù x ù o ù x ù o ù x ù o ù x ù o ù x ù  
 x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o  
 o ù x ù o ù x ù o ù x ù o ù x ù o ù x ù  
 x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o  
 o ù x ù o ù x ù o ù x ù o ù x ù o ù x ù  
 x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o ← x ← o  
 o ù x ù o ù x ù o + x ù o ù x ù o ù x <sup>82</sup>

xxoo, o, x, oxxo  
 xooox, o, xoox  
 oxxxox, o, xoo  
 oooooox, o, xx  
 xxosxxxxx, o, x  
 xxxxxxxxxxx, o  
 xxxxxxxxxxx  
 oxooxxo, xox  
 ooooo, x, xox, o  
 ooxo, xooo, ox<sup>83</sup>

x, o, o, o, o, xo, xo, o  
 o, x, x, x, xo, xo, o, o  
 x, x, x, o,xo, xo, xo  
 o, x, x, x, xo, xo, xo  
 xoxoxoxoxo  
 xoooo, xoxo, o  
 oxx, xxo, xoo, o  
 xxx, oxo, xo, xo  
 oxx, xxo, xo, xo  
 xo, xo, xo, xo, oo<sup>84</sup>

oooxoooxox  
 oxoxoxoxox

---

<sup>81</sup> In Memoriam Dorothy ‘Marna’ Buck.

<sup>82</sup> For Michelle Naka Pierce.

<sup>83</sup> For Sandra Dejardans, Mike and Bill Tecku.

<sup>84</sup> In Memoriam Edith Nelson.

OOOXXOXXOX  
 OOOXXOXXOX  
 OXXOOOOXOO  
 OOOOXXOXXO  
 OXXXXXOXXO  
 OOOOXXOOOO  
 OXXXXXXXXXXO  
 OOOOXXOOO<sup>85</sup>

OXXXX      XXXXO  
 XXXXX      XXXXX  
 XX OOO OOO XX  
 XX OOO OOO XX  
 XX OOO OOO XX  
 XX OOO OOO XX  
 XX OOO OOO XX  
 XX OOO OOO XX  
 XXXXX      XXXXX  
 OXXXX      XXXXO<sup>86</sup>

XOOXO, OXOOO  
 XXOXX, XOXXX  
 XXXOO, OOOXO  
 OXOOO, OOO, OO  
 XXOXO, XXOOO  
 OOOOO, OOOOX  
 X, X, XXX, OXXX, O  
 OO, OO, XXXXXX  
 XX, OX, OXXX, XX  
 OX, OX, OXXX, XO<sup>87</sup>

xxxxxxxxoceanx  
 xxxxoceanxxxxx  
 xoceanxxxxxxxxx  
 xxoceanxxxxxxxxx  
 xxxxxxoceanxxx

---

<sup>85</sup> For Edo Ramsay.

<sup>86</sup> For Geoffrey Gatz.

<sup>87</sup> For Andrew Wessels.

[illegible]

<sup>88</sup> For Tanya Phattyakul



## Between the Banksys

*The 50-acre Boston Common is the country's oldest park. The Common has served many purposes over the years, including as a campground for British troops during the Revolutionary War, and as green grass for cattle grazing until 1830. The Common today serves picnickers, sunbathers, and people-watchers. Wander freely about this 50-acre green, crisscrossed with walking paths and dotted with monuments. Bostonians hustle to and from the nearby T stations; others stroll leisurely, enjoying the fresh air or engaging in any number of Common activities, from free concerts to political rallies to seasonal festivities.*

Which reasons did I say? Did you hear what the uh somewhat intelligible thing that I was talking about with uh...

Carol?

Yeah.

Um. I heard you say that it was a very timely piece. Immigration policy. Is this the intelligible thing?

Yes, this is the intelligible thing.

[Bagpipes heard in distance, din of children playing, wind.]

Um I was thinking of the location of it particularly being in this um this in between space this sort of cut through street. Looking around it was all these you know the Chinese restaurant obviously. But across the street there were all these like closed like sub-shops and massage places that, um, obviously... yeah, exactly. So it's not only this space that's between this immigrant populated location neighborhood of Chinatown, and the Financial District, right? So thinking about those two, um, very timely...collapses with the financial sector and the...yeah, the new Arizona laws that just got passed. And all those people who've been effected by that, you know their cancelled dreams. Cancelled American dreams, yeah. I think this piece gives like voice to those people you know.

Thank god for "Los Suns".

Los Suns ? (Laughs) Did we talk about that?

[The NBA's Phoenix Suns wore jersey that read "Los Suns" in a playoff game shortly after the Arizona law that allows police to ask for documentation of an individual based on their appearance or suspicion of being an illegal immigrant. The Suns' decision was made by team owner as a show of solidarity to the Latino community on their city.]

Um, I don't think we did?

Do you know about that?

I guess I did, I saw some pictures and I guess I, I was amazed that professionals sports teams have decided to get involved, or that they were allowed to. I thought there was always more separation of...basketball and state.

Yeah, there is!

Church and State.



Yeah, yeah! The Suns definitely drew some heat for it.

(Laughs. Then both laugh.)

Pun intended?

Los Suns Drew Heat. Draw Heat. Yeah, exactly, for doing that, you know, the critique is that sports and politics don't mix. You know and they should stay, they should stay....bagpipes. [Wind.] But yeah it's interesting that nobody complains when sports players make the news when they cross over to [Child crying.] to quote news stories when they do something bad, you know when Ben Roethlisberger or Tiger Woods you know stories show up not just on SportsCenter but on the actual news as news segments. It seems like a double standard to say you know sports teams can't comment on the world, but the world can comment on sports players and teams. Basically, though, I'm happy that the Suns did what they did, you know that's pretty cool.

Did they draw any fines or anything like that?

No, not at all, I don't think they did.

That sort of amazes me too. I thought that there was only so much you could put on your uniforms. I don't know. Even, even, even trying. Wasn't there something a few years ago when somebody was trying to honor somebody and just had like his, somebody had something on his uniform, and it was just, he was fined, and...

Yeah, and. Maybe yeah that was like an individual player or something?

Yeah.

Rather than like the entire team I think that as long as it's a team-wide thing then that's okay. But other teams have done it, like the Mavericks have Los Mavs jerseys. As do the Spurs.

Okay.

Um, so, other teams have worn these types of uniforms this season, before any of this Arizona law went into effect.

Figures, yeah, they're all teams in Texas. I would think that they have a pretty big Latino following.

Yeah. So .

But does it depend on the issue? Like if they were supporting [car horn]...

Yeah, it definitely does, yeah...

Like if they were supporting gay rights or something. And and I don't know um, if the Celtics showed up in rainbow colored...

Well, I'll say this...

Suits...

I think that would be pretty awesome except that there's no fucking way... That uh, yeah, they would probably draw more flack from their...constituency. But on the other hand, would probably be applauded. But on the other hand, you know, someone I heard was talking about something, you know,

uh, 'where do you draw the line then, like, what if, what if this was like, what if instead of saying "Los Suns" on their jersey it said, "McCain for President" or something like that, you know? Um, yeah, I guess it opens up this can of worms.

It seems....

...but I think it's justifiable and it's important to say that sports is not outside of the real world. And yes, it's an entertainment, yes, but it's situated in such a place that. I mean, these dialogues should be going on, I mean. And so much of, sports and representation gets passed over. It seems like the fact, thinking about the NBA for example, that 80-85 % of the guys are African-American yet in the stands, the fans are 95% white. And here we are walking down one of the wealthiest streets in Boston. As a couple of white guys.

Wearing our Pumas.

With our Urban Outfitters jeans and Gap jackets.

Well, I don't know about you, but I'm wearing an Armani. A nice, Armani cotton T-shirt.

Yeah. (Laughs.)

It is pretty beautiful here, though.

I took some pictures of things. Perpendicularly. Wandering around here a few weeks ago. That's what the rest of that roll of camera was, was like things on doors. We'll probably come across one here.

Talk more, talk more about, your um, your distrust of the idea of the z-axis, again. Because. That's something I'd like to get into with you...

(Laughs.) It's sort of...

Well, here, we stand right here, right? And I'm looking down this street, and I'm standing here and so I'm noticing cars like slope off into a horizon, you know? There is definitely, is it three-dimensional you know, or is it, or is it these cars and this street,

(Unintelligible response.)

is it my perception of it, is it three dimensional, or is it: not?

We're just walking along the x-axis right now, it's just that we're from the vantage point of it's actually but...

No, well then that that that would be vertical, right? That....

Vertical...

Vertical, I mean the, a, yeah, the vertical, isn't that the x-axis? And then the y-axis is the...

You're just looking at it from the wrong perspective.

Well, how do you account for three dimensionality or do you not believe that the world is three dimensional?

Well, it is three dimensional. But, actually have you ever read Flat - Flatland?

I have not but I...

In which the uh this the main character who is a triangle I believe...

Yeah...

Is visited by a sphere and uh when the sphere visits him the triangle sees a point grow into a line because he can't see that third dimension. I think I was just egging you on. I think I think I think the z-axis mainly on a two-dimensional diagram...

[Passing stranger: "Hmm..."]

is, just, not talked about. Z-axis. It's, just hard to focus on z-axes when...the sky is so blue.

[Laughs. Street sounds. Birds. Car has trouble parallel parking.]

Thought it was curtains for that sign. Ooh, this is a pretty window display.

You know what it is, it's Roy Orbison.

Your glasses? Yeah, it is a little Roy Orbison. You've definitely got a little "Pretty Woman" thing going on there...

I've been listening to uh The National quite a bit the past few days.

You were listening to The National?

The National. Yeah, last night. It's really good stuff.

Any, uh, any favorites or um opinions.

I think the first one I listened to was "Conversation 16".

Yeah...

Because somehow you had circled that on...

Yeah, I didn't mean to, but, yeah uh....

*Beacon Hill is home to some of the most expensive real estate in America. Charming brick row houses reflect a long and storied history; where the State House stands, John Hancock once grazed cows. Visitors gawk at the State House's newly named "General Hooker Entrance." Locals praise the community feel of the square mile that constitutes Beacon Hill. The Public Garden and Boston Common function as the neighborhood's backyard.*

...let her go by. She seemed a little impatient. I wanted to get all impatience out around me. Out of being around me... So I can hold all the impatience. Sorry yeah...

Made it seem like a transfer? She transferred her impatience.

Yeah, sorry. I didn't mean to circle it. It wasn't my intention for you to really focus on that song first. But. I think I got confused because I was circling the letters...

Yeah, yeah...

What album they were on, so...

I took that circle to mean, “Pay attention to this one”.

Even unconsciously. But it’s a really good song, isn’t it.

Yeah, yeah.

I forget what the lyrics are on that one, but...

[Unintelligible. Wind. Foreign female voices. Street sounds. Birds.]

“I think the kids are in trouble?”

Oh, yeah. “I think the kids are in trouble.”

Yeah, no. The trouble. For...

Yeah. Oh, is that “leave the silver city, ‘cause all the silver girls...”

“You’re the only thing I ever want anymore.”

And then the chorus is, “let’s leave the silver city to all the silver girls. They only give us black dreams?”

[Wind, voice. Horn, wind.]

Yeah.

“Everything means everything.”

Yeah. “Everything means everything.” I like his voice. Yeah, that’s from their new one, I found, I, I find I’m really impressed by, that denseness. The dense sound, of their, their newest one? Um, which that one is from.

Is it added instruments? Is it more layers?

I think it’s more layers. I think there’s more cellos. Like they have cellos and pianos...

(Laughs.) “More cellos.” (Christopher Walken impression:) You know what this song needs, more cellos.

“More cellos.”

(Both laugh.) We could go this way?

Actually there’s a band in Portland called The Portland Cello Project, or something.

Portland, Oregon?

Yeah. In which there are something like 5 to 15 cellos at once, playing. Playing, playing all types of pieces. It’s just pieces arranged for multiple cellos.

I think there was this band that played they started at Naropa and they moved to Portland. Um, are we going up the stairs or are we going across the bridge?

Both.

I don’t think we can access the bridge this way?

But we can access the river.

Oh, yeah. {sings} anyway, this band was called Strangers Die Everyday. Did I tell you about them or? I think they had two cellos, a bassist, and a drummer. And that was it. They were pretty much all instrumental. And they moved to Portland. Or no, maybe, it was, yeah, it was a cello, a violin, an electric bass, and drum kit.

Not upright bass?

No. But the bassist was a friend of ours. Jared's still good friends with him, I think they play catch from time to time. Guy named Sterling, he's a pretty cool guy. But I think they broke up, actually. I wonder if the cellist, Jesse, ended up in the Cello Orchestra you're talking about. Seems like her kind of deal.

They're always accepting new cellists.

How can one not be accepting of new cellists?

This view is pretty great.

Yeah, it's beautiful.

Walking down this ramp, and the glittering river's all you can see. Framed by these trees and everything...

Yeah, it's a pretty amazing perspective....

[Sings, incidental noise.]

I'm really tempted ...

*The Charles River, once lined with sawmills and leather manufacturers, was a smelly, marshy tidal estuary until the early 1900s, when the Charles River Dam was built. Today, both sides of the curvaceous river are graced with grassy banks and weaving byways. The paved paths are perfect for bicycling, in-line skating, jogging, and walking. Storrow Drive snakes along the Boston side of the river...*

[Strong wind.]

Eri *would* get a rabbit and walk it around on a leash! Just eccentric enough to...

[Howling wind, conversation unintelligible.]

...flower shop.... I was drinking coffee she came over and told me she had a large bottle of vodka in her bag that she was going home to drink by herself. She said she doesn't like to drink in social situations, necessarily, but she'll go home, and drink by herself, watch a movie and get into bed. But she showed me some of her drawings, when she took my info...and I got to see some of these...

She showed me some of these sketches she did around like her fingerprints. She put some of her fingerprints around the page like similar to your um...that technique you do when you...

[unintelligible.]

...around the page... sort of drags it back and forth....almost like these heads are flames...

[unintelligible.]

Should we happen to...

[unintelligible.]

Windblown carriage knocks bicycles, decapitates two. (Laughs.)

Um, so, on top of the fingerprint heads, did she do, say, outlines of hair or facial expressions, because, or was, like because I always, I remember seeing some drawings that Alexandra did of...

Just, I guess these, extreme [unintelligible.] it wasn't really anything [unintelligible.]

[unintelligible.]

Yeah, I think the fingerprints had some semblances of faces, sometimes they were more abstract...

[unintelligible.] Um, I mean, you know... [unintelligible.] they didn't [unintelligible.] Yeah I think I saw some more portraits and things, too.

[unintelligible.]

No, I think I have that last page, not memorized, but...I have him reading it on my iPod, and it's one of the most beautiful passages when he, the way he reads it. Um, so, [unintelligible.] cause I listened to it so many times.

"And on to it a-gain. Gone!" What are you pointing out? Something, do you want to sit down? Is that what this is about?

Wait, what? (Laughs.)

Yours seems more appropriate. More suitable to you.

Well maybe she thinks you're a delicate man, and that you'd appreciate... Oh, look at that dog! He's totally swimming across that... Aw, he's totally going to eat those mallards.

He's fetching.

Yeah.

Maybe I should have had a, had a, had a brief puff of yours.

Why?

This is intense.

Yeah. I know, I, this is the farthest I've got with one of these. I usually just have a few drags, and I'm like, ugh. It's like 100 % tobacco. [unintelligible.] You can pitch it, it's totally okay. I'm not going to be offended. I mean...

Maybe I'll save it.

Yeah!

Oh, man!

Maybe, I think you're supposed to smoke them like cigars, but you end up smoking them like [unintelligible.]

Experience.... [unintelligible.] into the tree...

[unintelligible.]

Tom Waits said that he had one of these defining moments of his life when he was in New York, and it was exactly like that he was finishing off this bottle of gin, and lighting a cigarette, and dashing off down the street to... [unintelligible.] different direction...[unintelligible.] Maybe it was [unintelligible.]

...leash... [unintelligible.]

[unintelligible.]

[unintelligible.]

[unintelligible.]

... rabbit...

[unintelligible.]

...just think...

...ground...

I had seen something he had done as a standup.

[unintelligible.]

In some way I still admire the naive wonder of the guy, faithfully talking to his invisible rabbit friend like that...

[unintelligible.]

...just necessary to appear to have friends. (Laughs.)

Such as... does that hurt?

It hurts, not much, if I put paper on there it'll tend to get stuck. So, uh, ...

*Memorial Drive along the Cambridge Side. Central Square is a mix of MIT residences, biotech companies, rock clubs, and angry cabdrivers. Sadly, the old Necco candy factory is now a Norvartis research facility...*

...learning how to play the guitar, originally ... then he was in a band called Jim Kweskin and His Jug Band, which involved a like a washtub, an actual wash-tub bass. [unintelligible.] And Jim Kweskin and Geoff Muldaur and there was this female singer in Greenwich Village named Maria D'Amato, she ended up marrying Geoff Muldaur, and became Maria Muldaur....

Fat Tire! That guy had a Fat Tire training jersey. Sorry.

Nice. Uh, Fort Collins?

Yep. So, had they been in the area, all that time? Were they a national, touring act.

They played all over the place.

Are they still together? Have they been playing continuously?

No, actually, they took a long time off. Geoff Muldaur um went to Hollywood and would wear these white suits and did film scores. Actually, he didn't play music for maybe 15 or so, 15 or 20 years. He was doing film scores, and then doing film shoots and then, more recently got back into it. Actually, he and Jim Kweskin started playing together again maybe 15, 10 or 12 years ago or something. Um, well I guess, um, they discovered that they are still like a folk, a lot of people still really interested in like his earlier folk music like he was doing in the '60s. And Jim Kweskin is great. He does, he does probably their biggest influence is Mississippi John Hurt. That drop-thumb bass, alternating bass lines, but Jim Kweskin just plays [unintelligible.] so as you're listening to him play, he'll explain 'this song was written by, um, was recorded by Alan Lomax who recorded Vera Hill and was one of the most like eclectic singers who was doing things that no one else had heard before and uh, but she didn't, actually I think one, one of Vera Hill's is on the Harry Smith, might be "Boll Weevil"? "Boll Weevil Blues" or something like that? She does like an a capella. She does everything a capella. So, they'll play that on the guitar. And you're getting this music lesson, and then strings and old, old Americana. But then he'll switch over and play like Rogers and Hammerstein or something like that.

[Birds sing, street sounds.]

Like those old classical, or classic ones that also show up in a lot of jazz, like become jazz standards. Which is interesting.

Which stuff becomes jazz standards?

Oh, a lot of those...

Just, old musical numbers?

Yeah...you know, uh... like, oh, jees, I can't, I can't... I can't think of any. You know, "I Remember April" or "Can't Get Started". But those are...

Pretty sweet little old... I think if I had a car...

Is that a Merc- an old Mercedes?

It's pretty sweet.

"You didn't borrow Laura's Mercedes?" "No, I didn't borrow Laura's Mercedes!" (Latter in Cary Grant voice.)

(Laughs.) What. Is. That?

The world may never know.

(Laughs.)

Sounds like something like an acting, uh, sounds like an acting lesson or something.

It is. It's a scene from North by Northwest. Cary Grant's trying to explain to his mother, or no, not to his mother, his mother's there, but ... this woman who's putting on that she knows him... Ooop... Oh... Crossing on the wrong side.

*Not the obvious place to frolic the day away, Central Square is full of funk-venture by night. Parking around Central Square is not easy, but with a little persistence, you can find a spot along a side street.*



Seems to have happened a lot lately. Uh, lost journals, lost uh, I mean, Liz lost an entire bag of journals. Oh!

Like years, this was probably years of writing.

I thought this was something that only happened to Hemingway. Just like a bag of journals?

Yeah it was a tote-bag of like you know Moleskines. There may have been fifteen of them or something.

Oh, man...

This is when we were in Missoula. [unintelligible.] She went off to the Sacajawea Park across the street where we were living, and then came back and realized she'd forgotten her journals and realized when she came back to get it it was gone. So we scoured the area and put up uh lost and found signs and...

Where were you when she realized it was gone?

We were probably in our apartment.

But the bag was in the apartment?

The bag was, no the bag was in Sacajawea Park.

Now I getcha.

Never was found. Not by us anyway. And then, Jared's uh hard-drive just crashed or his computer just broke. He lost quite a bit of writing. This was in the last month. And then I lost my memory stick.

You poets!

(Laughs.) I know!

You need to learn how to back up your work.

Well, I end up backing it up by printing copies, so I'm pretty much covered. But then of course I give all my copies away so I have to you know ask for the books back which I've given people as gifts. Such as your next tree. Uh, and Jared has a whole stash of my work which he has to send me. It's like poet's memory. Like poet's time. You know what they say. You know, poets are sort of always operating on poet's time, which means that readings consistently start 15-20 minutes late uh. Like today I was about 15 minutes later than I said I would be showing up to see you. But then you were about 45 minutes late so maybe that's like musician's time!

(Laughs.)

Cause like sets never start on time. You know at shows rarely they do. Sometimes they do.

I think it depends.

[Street music, other conversations, car horn.]

I think the, uh, I think [unintelligible.] usually starts on time. Because if you go over, they charge you like a thousand dollars per few minutes.

[Music continues.]

311 cover band, or something? They sound pretty good!

Yeah... "311 cover band"? Is that what this song is or...

Yeah, no, it's just sort of sounded like their style. Sort of groovy uh somewhat groovy reggae. White guy singing. Oh, squirrel, you don't look like where you should be...

[Wind.]

*The Cambridge Department of Public Works has a phone number you can call to "report a street or sidewalk defect", tempting us to call them once a day to report "all of Mass. Ave."*

So I'm curious about, you know, looking. I'd like to research more of Banksy and see, again, what sort of neighborhoods these other pieces are going on. Like, what's, the German guy was talking about, and I think I read about it as well, that one of the, one of the pieces, I thought it was in London, but he seemed to think it was in Australia, um, that was just painted over because it was called 'graffiti'. You know and my guess is, I'm curious, but, sort of thinking about it, you know, if it was in a more, a more affluent neighborhood or something. But that might be um questionable.

[street voice of a woman being handcuffed.]

But it seems like Central Square is, more conducive to the more, uh, urban, uh street graffiti.

Well, it seems like you just get, graffiti that's uh, I imagine after a week or two it might just be destroyed by other graffiti first.

Yeah, yeah. But I guess that's sort of part of the culture, too, isn't it? Like,

The impermanence.

Yeah, absolutely, that it's impermanent. I feel like that slow, like de-volution, dissolution of it by layers of time and other artists commenting and uh that sort of dialogue is more conducive to the...

[Street voices passing.]

...work than say, like a complete white-washing over the entire piece, you know what I mean? So, Shepley seemed to think that this was a less, a less possible, a less possible than the other one, than being, legitimately, by him. By Banksy.

Because?

I think he said because of the style. Maybe, maybe the house, like sort of chalky, a little less uh, precise in its portrayal. Although it it seems like it would, it supports the image of the child. You know with his marker in his hand...

I like that it's obvious that there's people making treks to Banksy...It seems sort of funny that, it seems like something you would just happen across. It's not like you would go and seek out graffiti.

I know, but, it's great, right? It's great that it bringing a different... cultural awareness. I'm almost more fascinated about what's going on to the left over here. This like um, more layered space of this like figure that's been painted over, but other tagging and I also love the visual of like even to the left of

that, this um, you know, Posted “Wish Ted Happy Birthday” and um, on this worn wood panel on the, and the brick, and then these other layers of paint and, and...

You just like those layered moments....

Yeah, I like those layered, textured surfaces...

Multiple faceted...

In Portland, Jared was telling me, a lot of the telephone poles, they’re just covered in staples from from uh from flyers. And then Jared was telling me, there’s just so many layers of paper, one on top of the other, and Jared told me that, like once a month, they go and burn them off, so it’s like, it becomes this blackened, black space every month, and then they start, you know, building again. It’s just this public space, for, advertisements, for dialogue, that continually renews itself.

Huh. I’d be interested to see the burning of the wood...

Yeah, I know, I know, I would love to see it. I imagine these teams of city workers come out with their blowtorches, and light the streets on fire. I wish I had taken more photographs. I have one...

[car horn]

...that’s this coffee shop in the background, and then the stapled texture on the front there...

[digital recording ends as conversation continues]

– *with Nathan Child*

## Alternators

### *Alternating Lines of Amina Cain & Barbara Guest*

Why from this window am i watching leaves? They seemed to like being so close yet still separate, following the tough arm of water that likes to mingle with the crows and pick up its bitters in a dirty old smoky fist. Later, lying quietly on the pine needles while he arranged his camera, admiring, as always, his adroitness, the rapidity with which his preparations took places as just before the shutter fell his lens sheltered her face. In dance. Sometimes I wondered why I had wanted to live on land that looked like how a destroyed place would look, but there was something calming about it too, as if it wasn't required to be anything, as if no one would bother it for awhile. Those slides with pillars and capitals soon to fall, accommodating his lateness, trod under by these self-same mythic hosts, required apologies. Things were in motion all around, just like people, but there were things I couldn't see. In the galaxy of apprehensions present tonight restraining oneself from adding to what should remain simple. Every move I make is bigger than it really is. We watched the play burning you. The wind placed a skull upon her face. The same routes she often dreamed of a passage to better things. The eye never wandered far. Dark objects falling past the angular whisper of the blue flower petals. After that the river. A toning like a turning began to strum her nerves. I picture someone poking a needle in. I held up something loose and ragged. The little mirror to tell you who walked in the street. When the axes appeared like meanings, we see a needle coming through a piece of cloth. The water receptive reflected the illusions the sky was trying out, those illusions flitted away. thin thin rain starved rain rin. I wish vegetables were grown by heart, and artichokes would heal. What I wanted: something more than the definition of a shoulder. It smelled like a pond and a fire, faint sounds of musical instruments she couldn't recognize...

*Alternating Lines of John Keats & Gregory Corso*

O latest born & loveliest vision far  
not rural not snow no quiet window  
with his delights  
in the noon cursed wind  
a hundred strikes  
of cricket song  
from weary tendrils  
explosively haw-haws out of jams  
the joy alone; distance:  
that thing in man other than human  
they felt, but heard not, for the solid roar  
be ready! Tan a lang boom  
or seashore iron scurf  
crash their lips together – kiss!  
Death! My dis-possessor?  
Have ye seen his face  
giggling happy dangers  
upon the honey'd middle of the night  
along the brink of paradise  
o why did ye not melt  
the globe – again  
for one hour's glam  
& become ancestral to the make up  
filling the air, as on we move, with  
a flower to explode

*Alternating Lines on Soutine & by Joanne Kyger*

oils of dark blobs resemble our precious  
rare and mundane strands  
of dreams the oak  
winding road returning from school  
after the storm forgetting they are  
only undulating cascading oils  
with books on straps and fiddles on  
little yellow clouds above the field  
we are called wild, grow freer  
darker strains of faraway greens  
dog stands on hinds is let down  
after the moment snaps back to  
nude pose on Normandy beach  
where you learn to reenjoy breathing  
submitted to, then embraced  
I'm too tired to talk about it 'subjective  
expression excludes formal order and  
structure' three pulses  
funny we organize  
like we *need* life, form while  
still slightly push away from

*Alternating Lines of Chogyam Trungpa & W.S. Merwin*

somewhere, some open wound some-  
one bird kills one stone.  
while they sing they have no names  
of compassion. Finally, you have to return  
what is moving  
it, those things obscure its balance, be-  
at any time this reading by lighting  
who had just disappeared  
my way to my girlfriend's I'll use driving as  
coming blockages & veils  
violence, that violence contains another  
wide sound of being there  
as those who are gone now  
by doing nothing  
the dumbness of touch  
to the sight of a morning before I was born  
cool, it is too cold. It is too early to wake up  
you that sang to me once, sing to me now

*Alternating lines of Jack Kerouac & Elaine Scarry*

death's life's pure cinema  
voice wrestles in the dark  
something or other  
as one of its objects  
came from the everlasting going  
consented to, your being in its midst  
breathing inside a silence  
a blossom, a friend, a poem, a sky  
immortal beggar pushing angles  
sacred owl by the palm at dawn  
so be sure –shade of fading here  
which is no longer us, you, me, – here  
abides in all things' silence  
greenness and gesture, presence



*Alternating Lines of Lorine Niedecker & Miyazawa Kenji*

with your mending kit nothing  
but its brass colored scoops good  
clouds the sun does not love  
silt eyes' twilled cover blooms star  
trick clover "blue as in 'isn't  
the world wholly made of blue fat?"  
this world of the lake past  
homes glinted at and that frightened  
him, you see here, and accept  
as endless spring skies, you suffer  
under – "All creatures –  
what thought – desire such glow"  
sun, on a brass scoop day

*Alternating Lines of JenMarie Davis & Jack Collom*

now, passing  
from under the wing that whirls up over & out  
so as not to forget  
horizon creeping inward  
the blue of it  
that spun, for the sake of itself  
for rocking  
the view  
bikes away  
to imagine her  
to a marsh, dark  
to samba  
behind morning desires  
(atmospheric opals  
must always be  
“Why not take *all* of me?”

*Alternating Lines of Joseph Cooper & Maureen Owen*

Because we have gone on trying  
pointing in different directions  
stubborn laughs of sad error  
bounced into the trees  
without eliminations,  
pointing to things absent  
a slippage  
left behind & where are my pajamas  
memorably laid out,  
wrinkles and slides  
quietly broken  
tucked in a virtue saint of dropped futures  
gods, many voices  
snack food for the fishes  
sleepy, it might snarl  
glances parted the air struggling  
constructing a  
memory made of flower printed umbrellas  
& oddly disturbing  
dance like a drummer dreaming  
toward the door we never opened

*Alternating Lines of John Sakakis & Leslie Scalapino*

5 things that make me nervous

a situation

U.F.O.

the bourgeoisie

I loud, she soft

being at war

in some trap

uniforms

The thought that there is no riot – isn't going to be any

in my living room

lost among them

apart before

the time when/ I'd die

it being reversed

*Alternating Lines of Travis Macdonald & John Berryman*

The death of the death of love  
Is abundant, its rumination aquariums  
Let all flowers wither like a party

A moment, as the bird lifts  
An unparalleled arrangement, powerful & invincible:

I hummed a short blues. When the stars went out  
Surrounded by a crystalline sweat  
Horrible & frightful within the glows  
Wound around his one friend  
The Temple burned  
their signs, divided up the sky

& over an unsigned letter their eyes met  
Like a dog after its tail

Where he will be captured & put in a strange landmark:

(would you were I by now another one  
and, needed, move off, unlike you &  
you tell it to the forest fire, tell it to the moon

*Alternating Lines of Elizabeth Guthrie & Cristina Peri Rossi*

very soon so far away quite badly  
of ripples  
and blue birds  
a raft floating  
passing through  
percussion masses  
claims clay ears chunks tweet  
from country to country  
in their imagination  
room and position  
without landing  
green  
talk and look  
of and excite sky  
will be part of your house

*Alternating Lines of j/j bastain & Frank O'Hara*

After making sure my guests are sleeping  
On the poetry of a new friend  
And bold bodies in prominent minor key  
In it, and a phone call to the beyond  
We fucked like matter  
Of tea and tears. I don't suppose I'll ever get  
This *this* brilliant broken American chord  
As well as a number of other things  
                                "corpuscle – velvet"  
                    Their echoes make a museum  
            Steady                    Nameless  
What is already?  
Their throats  
            Our blue ash  
                    Only an echo  
Pushed off the enormous glass piers by hard wind  
Steaming above rust and aqua  
Though it is cold  
And you, marginless  
Are made around fire and wood  
No leaking biology  
Under that I find it restful like a blush  
Precise and bountiful  
Until the destroyed is converted  
Shrouds shot with silver and plasma  
Ready and molten  
And very small tiptoe crossing threshold away  
Only hums, it hums                    of fortitude

*Alternating Lines of Cara Benson & Diane di Prima*

How can you aim a fire?

    We greet the dark

    On dying land

Meeting each other like magnets out and about

Shivered into stars

Carcass under the eaves

They fall back, bigger than life, to devour my dreams

Hold prominence like marshmallow

    Towers

Of radio transmission toppled & rankling the fields,

Setting the hay ablaze

The ringing in the ears fades for some, in others, remains

A different color

Different light in the mind

The image held, absolute zero moment

& watch the hills flicker like dreamskin

On impact

Is sure

Grandiloquent effort not to see before them that which was becoming behind them behind them



*Alternating lines of Jennifer Rogers & her translations of Eva Švankmajerová*

Where it ends an open hand and darkness  
opens little kiss of carp into ominous clouds  
and downward like the current  
Figures out of darkness of dark  
Beyond them light and within light  
We laugh incessantly for years  
Weeping samurai (?) and water  
thrust with acquisition through.  
I flap in a wind against the factory  
stiffened in a gesture for eternity  
their faces burn and erupt between each other  
against me in delicious rhythm against me  
I would say: "It is no longer tortured  
in pictures." I would be free,  
without obligations  
of the place in reverse of the spectator.  
as though it moulds dark bodies in curves  
bulging or abbreviations  
Of what is behind beings:  
A premonition of ruin  
Others keep decorating

*Alternating Lines of Jennifer Karmin & Bernadette Mayer*

talk girls talk on into the night  
rhythm of a snow storm  
revives us again

the man on the bottom bunk  
comes to rest when  
it's too crowded for everybody

red candles  
pause  
to notice a friend

to remember them some other way

the life guard reports  
the end which comes  
is not as important as the motion

why the government  
genghis khan created  
tattooed

from death's elaborate wombs  
finds like love everything brings  
snakes & lizards to you

*Alternating Lines of Tim Armentrout & Philip Whalen*

I think we make sad dragons  
dangled between      rain/feet/rain  
Pulse  
Both    d i s a p p e a r    in the process

whatever will tie it all together with difference

Who are they when I don't see them ?  
*(one bound upstream)*

Would the answer differ  
standing with a child    a ripple    a paper lantern  
just like we already are . Beyond  
this temporary imagination (I call myself)

born among the dying  
as brilliant      and as lost

and mine there are countless others  
when the unflinching eyes

Awaken me with roses  
bodies  
Spares  
the vibration

## The Next Whole Earth Catalog of Withdrawals

from pure black to pure white shaded travels

in the bed of a scissor lock forgery golly what a mighty

good row forget-me-not bulbs left out on the ramp

trimmed blimps snout curiosity

sweat up some coasters for once forged heats

on Atlantis weathers your eyes hearing its just

strand is mastery flicker stings a lengthy *wick wick*

labels, waves of famine

if they leave there will be war likewise,

my friend, safety is a fiend

shut downs for the occupations we need better loss,

wild monies, unobvious species as a basis

among the good moon loafers conditioning

colleagues to humidify well hung clothes

between indifference the kind of homes these provinces

assured in decline

the weekend is another tepid equine farmer visit,

re-mindings remain adrift within out-of-state slosh along

a somber voltage from the lake

everyone on key & popping through the loops

The Goblin at Mars   rise-time   Seizing exhaustion,

the next correlation erases source and pattern. Caught

of our function will make one item quote one again un

quote. Others like her form a truth. Prove me, the how

of your memory. Shipping's

full of cartoons, the bits you didn't know before Pacifica.

Passage's disaffiliations sat humming.                      The zero house

so rapid elaborate, architect of June jetty

circles between them there                      cheap

tools. An urgent advice,                      Anne gazed at him but patiently.

stick and rudder trick –

shingling the lobby with seed mags your train will but

“ptut” out.                      find your way back down,

where night may bust you   taut Comanche

for the preservation of sad comforts . disturb

flag voltage reduced food outages or iodine outrage

rotates 30 crabs per nebula   dark stuffs about the pilot

throughout the shadow's dream's fetish

harmony a forelock rebounds                      beetly for the desert

thems for the College Hall                      so hoof it

in deference to your bulging loan tricks

Cold citations in adjacency exposures                      missed specifics

& caesura of leaves by gun-light                      dovetail

Goodbye Columbus ponzi joint

now that's a way to run a culture                      Maw

told Paw your shingling days are bereft

nuzzle up a good sleep fink    with a break-even level

fort pots arab sprung and thermometers                      Credits often given

erroneous                      quiet where residue                      undermines

Pyrite often overburden, etc. the bath lamp quip

exposure is essential                      misidentified luxury

fluids who aren't afraid to travel                      lighter

cooler from the silver dart knocking out the fans he gives it up to

digitized modeling voices                      for a song or essence

portrayal                      You know it's Tuesday

so no rough stuffs                      Creatura

above the abysmal water flank                      I remember this boomeranging

file card                      What cleans oil off blood concrete

post-consumer

functions blush seems to cut as they say a cloth

from modified trumpet      sharp trombone    seppuku envelope

such an anchored object

gives only slightly less frictional losses      upended

a resin salute is a Chinese finger trap method

zipper seams picky square knots      the road it empties into

The Advocate proved a mental blow

to the Catskills      pulling

acts at the thrown dawn falsification of nocturnal    vandal

isms empty your account while addressing steams the foot

solder a door closed offers remembrance      last

of the old flames with Super K-Kote & horse “he took his own

sweet time” bargaining with the spheres

appalled exchangers in restaurants      I remember

I still have a few things to pack      burgeoning grass at Colossus

root      now if you’ll excuse me      quoting

the old butcher      Among violet looms company

Algonquin digitizers set milk with a curd knife

timing a damp squib slid back      onions

enlarged by slot weaving a shuck

find these irregular tasks      brush the ginger coffee plant

Now this dig is for sale                  no frills

Shuttle Spindle & Dypot

among the codger's gadgets                  rubbing flourishes

lower rim      a churchy floato                  trust

an embellished weather ditto in removes ,

with the help of them hum of hermes

I do usually seek                  vibrato

Guillermo Toulouse habit forms relocating

a portrait divides    Tunisian sky

beauty of a      tan abdomen

bees by the numbers this season                  outside the crystal

a blistering runt in sophisticated neons

sheds layers large bronze      pelvic arch switches

unmovable curtains    gestates forced

manufactured gobs toggling embellishments

formulating embarrassments    local's angle

the great parks disorderly      unexpected props

tossed into the film    Together

by the mere tensions                  I sentence you



“Cool pale silks jacket, doctor?”

Junk Mitchum’s sauced again let ‘em gab

until noonday wild rituals      procurements,

migration      thumbing pendulums

into the bay stead      proportion marks

tropical collapse      I mean we should      physically

as for the forgery of contracted methods “The elementary

laws never apologize” catalog

a typical exchange glass      trims emblazoned

like an overheated reservoir      perpetual

tipping verge      a solid good whack

polyethylene bag      Good for heating space frames

imported to the sheet

rock stillers      inside the sound which is within the

cleaning alarm bells from the outside in      Pull your patient

toward you      a Buick architecture

sponging long draw with debutante fibers      Hallelujahs

fill the house as airborne proteins

finely raking the thrip swims

thoroughly through the photo soup palm

voluntary simplicity commits to 'the thorn and flesh are one'

mutual mutant guilt in an abstract livestock pooling game

*The self is not some thing* among the roosters

*within us in a state of crisis* brief whiffs

careful how your icing's adored

*it is the form they mean to stamp*

straight down open out of mirrors

into the forced field of a zephyr *upon us*

The Bride wears a broken arrow

with beautiful subtitles   subtleties

triple Talaq   an unfamiliar name's on it but This letter

I think is for me not too beautiful hands

what not to do until the orange flowers

sum our statements thus: Butch

Cassidy broiled me a beefsteak

In Homer   the dead souls Twitter

with glue syringe and domestic water jacket little

like a good Samaritan the yarn got thin

by the way side   dispossessed

shadows bridle out of corners

each chapter an elbow of a playboy's jiffy bench

silent citizen in a 5 watt whatever

you can build to hide in to surface over burden?

stream placers burros and camp life

wilts in appearance like a banker needles

overlap the honing stone . Saved

kale removes a tide a button jog tops in announces

which is healthy in the sense of better bonding

with a cheated substitute cants to suggest

stripping density rising from snap-bound bounce-back

learn until you know enough of a gaze

each foreign sluice is a unique not the genre of symbol

, fussy hawks & private initiative

did you hear me? I said Citizen's Arrest

elaborations like seal finger make the clouds cave in

in a greenhouse dress overheating

from the racquet zapper set to "divorce"

the barbeque special crawls in like ventilation's good news

Silver crisps spinning defies empire acquisitions

Misfit friend of failed academicism

vegetable pastoral      unrequited   smaller water lilies

a calligraphy upset by a soft presence:

of sensations   argumentative for alcohol waves

farther obvious   than woods through folds

camouflage leotard   lost along the blond

sidewalk sewall avenue is only an image

A hard fought reluctance .

Engravings on piquetero-shaped daffodils

As I said to my friend,

I only dream of heat transfer. A noise was astonished

tonic, you have to please people. Chance's immobile

token bolder than a patient's. or a mind in

dream state radio tribal neons

dog is the curtain pre-cambrian tent

while the maple priggish rains some mental calcutta

Bon voyage Mademoiselle Discourse "Taste tiresome

like good company" Around little watered yard-shaky hands

intense openly confiding quietness

fallen in with the frozen crowd trial

spectrograms delusions and rims      from fans of caresses

by the library of sails pissing in agreeable rooms

soaked rills soap loafs and potatoes

vacate memories under moon marks

drinking lines to trace in droughts

dancing with strangers felt nodules of barnacle globes

taken on a view she doesn't see

pin tumblings to national reachings oxygen clogs

parlors in the haystacks crisping

subject to an airshaft avenue

columbus day brawl on the inbound

creature me a Bangle and I coo these

Bozos bauble on the meatyard foghorn hoarding

land rigged with calcium catching back

sunk barges , spilt robust coals

overspeaks the flooded muse elaborate blotting

carbonated testament with lemon chemicals

zooed when the doors won't open

You could hear his anemia with a spandex clash

so the tenement swung open

I saw the blue angel use a doll as an arrow

secretive green densities

Hover its over-whelmed force. The botanical

spoken through acquired consumptions  
undisciplined delicate shallow balances its grain  
This animal wedges inside me on thrones of fleet benign  
pistil providence for the crow octet  
Emil Muzz asleep in his limo  
the community college simpers  
everything flows in and out of  
long gone past its number an ornament and restless  
or maybe just forgot about when a patter hole spreads  
great is your vine in volume too Endlessly added  
sumptuous shivers form each a lavender algebra  
in a jar labeled "Night-then" red obelisks  
split up for once strung flowers arrest  
the vase of the arm and the arm to a bottle  
of 8 : 15 through the door to the thigh  
Silly watching Blake park cars  
Like Jackie O under the flag pole  
Etching a night of pink sleet  
Or the miracle of stone.  
we drove to and red dusk was a compound  
hens & patches "le bois sacre"

placed that inescapable discovery –  
stones stand, post and pose, careful  
in their envies of the moon Rounded  
for a flicker, white, lurid , past .  
cool breaks in a tone-d deaf alm : *Arboreum* , unknown  
Noseblown , Diadem double streams through a Hilty web  
Impossible to keep a curtain down  
drawn to what comical remains  
who travels at a distance embracing such gaunt silk  
custom, to find this sound needled as through  
Many tentative turns, the inert temp. A flitch  
selectorama. Any gesture  
done at length is frozen during turning  
modest loft goes lopping off to port the bay state  
hawk moths match your eyes in asbestos  
read her arcs as straddling a fence. Windward  
as to leeward  
human plumage. A partial flume  
The moving strictures flounce off track. comp's sense  
jangle mingles shelter. Clanging volume to it,  
else it thinks its spirit. Headless tripod  
in the rain. A ladder  
to a balcony frozen in rain. Song of peregrines



When was I               flashlight flowers or sugar-water

the inside of your name. As one sees (in

correctly) the station as the train;

hummingbirds sprung from your debt

## Ambiguous Gesture Towards an End Credit *for Kent Johnson*

If you want to film the ocean, and you spend time trying to find the best angle to shoot it, it's like you're trying too hard, and killing the real look of the most beautiful ocean.

I was working on the bus as a kind of conductor, and some colleagues of mine applied to the New Face Contest and entered my name without telling me about it. From the time I was 17 until I was 21 – arguably the most exciting period in a person's life – there was this war going on, a huge reminder that you're going to die someday, so I was always thinking, 'When am I going to die?' and 'How am I going to die?' I developed this attitude that all this wasn't so much a tragedy as a comedy. You know, everything was so fucked up, everything was so sad it was funny. The adults I looked up to suddenly went from being very militaristic to anti-militaristic. Because of this hypocrisy I felt like I couldn't trust adults anymore. I hoped that when I grew up I would, in my own way, still be like a child.

I kept trying to tell everyone about the moon's low gravity, and that everyone should try to float and walk in slow motion.

Everybody was looking for the next vision of the world. It was a busy time. You weren't exposed to the enemy's culture – it's forbidden. I played a lot of roles. I felt a responsibility to the company and tried my best. Sometimes I mixed up the names of the man I was supposed to be married to! But that method taught us that emotion has to last from shot to shot. We didn't have much experience to draw tears – just dreams. I imagined some kind of giant aquatic gorilla. That was the atmosphere.

'How would you do this scene performing it as a foreigner?' He would tell them what was going on, and then he would "be" the monster.

One time, we were shooting a film that needed an avalanche. I was told to go see Mr. Tsuburaya, and he said, "There's one in the top drawer of my desk!"

*[At this point, Mr. Johnson grabs a paper napkin and sketches an exploding battleship, with a huge fire rising from it in the shape of a flower.]*

To me the timing of the music is much more important than the content.

I remember long lines in front of the theaters. I like it because the monsters aren't really the mushroom people; it wasn't an ordinary ghost story. King Kong took all the money! He made

the capitols of the world out of cake. When the bombs hit, every living thing dies, and anything that has any shape changes and becomes something else. It starts out as a bad dream, and then goes to reality, then goes to the bad dream again, and then back to reality again, as though this was really going to happen. “Honey, this is the Green Slime.”

“Can you see how much I’m sweating? Have you ever tried so hard to please an audience that you worked up a sweat?” I began to notice after a while there was too much mascara; it was almost like Kabuki.

Every actor had to devote herself to the role ... it’s no different than being a monk. Once we were on location and, because of the shape of her nose and eyes, she was mistaken for a man in drag!

I was going for a lighter, leaner style. With the change of the composer the atmosphere – everything – changes. And when you walked in there, there were – in miniature – cities, mountains, and highways, the traffic lights worked, the cars moved, the water flowed in the river. His acting was like water, very smooth, very clear. He liked to play aliens. He made a cape out of a sheet, and jumped out of an apartment building.

He would sometimes call me at night but I couldn’t understand English so I would sit there on the phone, holding a dictionary, and try to guess what he was saying, and answer him. He asked me how to say “good morning,” and I taught him, in Japanese, “I’m starving!” It’s a very wonderful memory.

I looked down and in the corner of my eye there was this lovely flower arrangement. The whole table was just packed with triangles and calipers and a million maps. I said, “I’m sorry, but I won’t need all these things here.”

My nightmares are almost always about war – wandering the streets, searching for something that’s lost forever. But it’s possible for me to will myself to have pleasant dreams. For me, the most wonderful fragrance in the world is new film. You open the canister for the first time and breathe deeply. That night, the same wonderful fragrance fills your dreams. It’s grand.



## Notes & Sources

Dear Other Person, Please hold up to the sky: this, as transparency.

\* \* \*

*karaoke lipsync opera*: “haven’t seen one of you in years”: line of dialog from the 1935 horror film *Werewolf of London*; Falling Wishfulness: Poem “by” “Andrew Peterson” in ISSUE 1. Released in Fall 2008, the ‘pirated poetry anthology’ that attributed poems to over 3,000 poets and writers, without their knowledge or authorization; “many/and/various/mixes”: line by poet/friend j/j hastain; the sequence beginning “One night it snowed” is from Swedish film director Ingmar Bergman’s autobiography, *The Magic Lantern: An Autobiography* (Univ. of Chicago, 2007); “Joy is what I like./ That, and love.” Is a line from Ted Berrigan’s poem “Tambourine Life”; “I’d equate it to the feeling of, say...” author’s response to the question “What do you remember about the day when you saw your finished book for the first time?” from “How Has Your First Book Changed Your Life?: Andrew K. Peterson Interviews Himself on ‘Museum of Thrown Objects’”. Question taken from Kate Greenstreet’s online 1st Interview Series.; “moderation of waiting”: this sequence’s source texts comes from comments left on my Song from your hometown blog, written in unrecognizable Asian script. I used babelfish translation by alternating the mystery characters as Japanese and Chinese into English; “city of other”: two dreams and a third, unidentified appropriated text; “around a frame”: Song from your hometown dashboard blog profile.

*Brown to Blue*: Contains words from The Brown and Blue Books, by Ludwig Wittgenstein. From Major Works: Selected Philosophical Writings. Harper Perennial Modern Classics, 2009. Photographs courtesy of author: screen-shots of a malfunctioning HP desktop computer, and books damaged due to leaking window during winter storm.

*"31 branches"*: gathered on the occasion of Nathan Child's 31st birthday. A note on method from this chapbook:

MARGIN words (left & right, usually down the left side &  
Up right, sometimes  
Reversed order or cross back & forth in stereo) on page 31  
Of 31 books (then  
A 32<sup>nd</sup>, for good luck) desire to  
Investigate pattern &  
Inherent “meaning” (condensed, abstract, inherent) selected  
Without regard to  
Syntax, ‘coherence’ words shape internal meaning from  
Inside-out (in, this

Case; reverse also true). Emphasis on dialogue betw. A  
Reader & text, &  
Text to its form (printed book): those ‘marginalized’ words  
Thru combination  
Of choices (author: words) and larger structural chance and  
Decisions by  
Publisher (font type & size, books’ size – margin/gutter  
Measures) calls  
To light how any – every – word – spoke/writ – is  
Seemingly simple end to  
Complex socio-psychological means...and so I marvel at  
That musics’ natural  
Cognition, on the red line from Braintree...

...which come from choice-chance encounter with Philip  
Ball’s book (3<sup>rd</sup> of  
Trilogy) “Branches: Nature’s Patterns”. So the choice is  
Intuitive to sketch  
Silhouette shapes of tree branches around the yard.  
Endless beauty’s  
Variation, once the choice method’s made, words choose  
Themselves, machines.  
Carrying out then artist’s interest in comparison and  
Contrast of  
Physicality of letters & branches, & placing field of  
Inquiry outside  
Anthropocentric field (nature’s not human’s shape) of trees.

*bonjour meriwether & the rabid maps*: Source/inspirational text: The Journals of Lewis and Clark.  
Titles: Google Maps approximate coordinates of author’s dwellings through age 28. Published as  
a limited edition as part of the Equinox Chapbook Series by JenMarie Davis and Travis  
Macdonald at Fact-Simile Press in 2010. Each copy featured a unique gas station road map  
cover, mostly of maps from the Southwestern United States. In the online journal The  
Offending Adam, poet-critic Andrew Wessels comments on this series:

place refers to two things: geographical location and the observation of one’s  
surroundings... Though ... coordinates are hyperspecific, they work to dis-locate  
the reader who likely is unable to, without seeking outside help, connect the  
coordinates to a known location. We keep asking *Where are we?* as each set of  
coordinates arises. The descriptions likewise prevent us from being grounded in a

specific understanding that we are in a specific named place ... we can only know exactly where we are if we stay in the same place and never move ... choos[ing], instead, to journey forth, echoing René Char: 'How can we live without the unknown in front of us?'

*Abandoned Projects of the Greenway*: Title: Boston.com article February 17, 2011 on unfulfilled art/architectural/structural ideas for the City of Boston's Rose Kennedy Greenway space formerly occupied by the I-93 Expressway and The Big Dig. author's photographs of a destroyed shed and empty or closed retail spaces and signage on Massachusetts' South Shore; the inscrutable symbols and letters are from an unreadable Word document of the series 'l u n p'. "It is in favor of a private backchat": entry for the actor Donald Sutherland, *The New Biographical Dictionary of Film*, by David Thomson (Knopf, 2002); "In this particular version of everywhere, a movie equal to and other than our memory disappears.": Graham Foust, "Los Angeles" from *A Mouth in California* (Flood Editions, 2009); "Sixty-two hundred birds in Central Park": NPR story 2010 reports volunteers count 6,220 birds and 59 bird species in NYC's Central Park

*weather, not ocean*: collage of lines from Andrew K. Peterson, AABA (in manuscript); "will be received in Graceland": "Graceland" by Paul Simon; "Dreams of a kid...": Jack Kerouac, *Desolation Angels* (Perigree, 1980); "restAkilah": in memoriam Akilah Oliver (1961-2011), poet, teacher, activist

*\$3.95 AS IS (Or, Highlighted Passages in Used Copy of Beneath a Single Moon: Buddhism in Contemporary American Poetry)*: The words (highlighted by a blue highlight marker) appear in the unattributed Preface, presumably written by Editors Kent Johnson and Craig Paulenich; in the Introduction by Gary Snyder; an Essay, "Beginningless Beginning" an excerpt from the poem "Cloud, Rock, Scroll" by Jane Augustine; and Susan Griffin's poem "Born into a world knowing". All are from a used copy purchased by the curator for \$3.95 (indicated "as is" on the inside cover, presumably because of the highlighted section by the book's prior 'owner') from Raven Used Books on Newbury Street, Boston MA. *Beneath a Single Moon: Buddhism in Contemporary American Poetry* Boston: Shambhala Press, 1991.

*Broken words in Meditations on Living, Dying, and Loss*: The source text is *Meditations on Living, Dying, and Loss: The Essential Tibetan Book of the Dead*. Edited and Introduced by Graham Coleman. New York: Viking, 2009. Words here are those that were 'naturally' divided by the end of the line due to the book's margins.

*Diastic Dhammapada*: In "Buddhism, Art, Practice, Polity", Jackson Mac Low's essay from *Beneath A Single Moon: An Anthology of American Buddhist Poetry*, he talks about giving one's complete attention to a dharma that leads to insight which can free us from suffering, moving from

samsara to nirvana, characterized in Buddhist literature as 'choiceless awareness' or 'bare attention':

Being 'choicelessly aware' is perceiving phenomena - as far as possible -without attachment and without bias. Artworks may facilitate this kind of perception by presenting phenomena that are not chosen according to the tastes and predilections of the artists who make them. One way of doing this is to bring phenomena (including language) to the perceivers of the artworks by means of chance operations or other relatively 'nonegoic' methods in which the artists' tastes, passions, and predilections intervene much less than when artworks are made in more traditional ways... To use a key Buddhist term, chance operations themselves are 'skillful means' through which the latent seeds of enlightenment may be awakened and matured. The most modest claim is that chance operations and related methods make it possible for artists to 'let things happen' with somewhat less intervention from the ego than when more 'expressive' methods are followed. ... However, no matter how many decisions, structural and or material, some must be made by the artist. The use of such methods itself results from a decision. The devising of systematic-chance and similar methods of making and presenting artworks always requires some decisions, for instance, concerning the sources of materials and kinds of structure or absence of structure...

Source text: *The Dhammapada* (online translation on thebigview.com); Seed text: the name of a friend, Elizabeth Jane Guthrie. Elizabeth and I were corresponding on a collaborative project, "Notes Toward A Practice Journal", relating meditation & poetry practice. I dedicate this to a friend who had expressed a moment of intense personal difficulty; just to say that everything is going to be okay. There is strength in words and being, in the very root of a name, basic and elemental, good and true.

*Ten thousand x's and o's*: From a correspondence explaining this chapbook's process and method: "I moved from my home town in MA to Missoula, MT to live with Elizabeth Guthrie in April 2007. She was the only person I knew in town, and I first struggled to make friends and find work. I got a job at a photography gallery, but was promptly fired after only two weeks (I won't get into specifics, that's for another poem, I suppose.) Depressed, and so far away from those I loved and cared about. Perhaps as an act of survival, a gesture of love against despair, I felt the need to reach out to the most important people in my life, past and present, though I literally had no words to express what I was feeling. I began with the ubiquitous symbols of penned affection, the letters X and O (symbolic of "hugs and kisses", also much more: map markings, the periodic chart symbol for Oxygen, etc.). I'm not on Facebook, where a list of friends is readily available (and extends so much past the 'vital' circle of heart sangha?), so, working a catalogue from memory, I built each piece by focusing on remembrance of each individual's speech patterns, also using my subjects' name, correspondence, creative writing, and interests as



guides/source texts. I hope each dedication is unique and exploratory, while maintaining the essence of the letters' basic elements. There are lyric collages [using ubiquitous poetic 'O phrases' - "o Bactrian camel" etc.] calligrams, diagrams [engineering pulley systems, music tab, football playbook, a page of "Tic-Tac-Tao" for friend Bob Roley, Taoist], letter replacements [for example, all vowels in Charles Olson's "Maximus Letter 27" replaced with letter "o", thereby sonically returning the epic to its/Olson's 'Nordic-Latin' roots: "O como bock to tho googropho of ot"], symbolic replacements of dictionary definitions of each letter, etc. The dictionary definitions begin the collection, thus opening the collection to a myriad of potentials, which I feel mirror the myriad emotional connections that any one has with those closest around. While this piece approximate to my own circle, I hope to introduce a form which anyone might use to write a poem, because every person has their own "x-o" circles to Venn Diagram...

*Between the Banksys:* Early May 2010: rumor spread that a new artwork by the world-renown graffitiist Banksy had surfaced in the Chinatown neighborhood near the Financial District in downtown Boston. Banksy's politicized, pop cultural referenced street provocations appear mysteriously overnight on streets and alleys of urban centers across the world (most recently in the US in San Francisco and Chicago). His elusive personal nature brings up questions of authorship and authenticity whenever a new work surfaces. Was it really him? Is he here? This elusiveness is the subject of a recently released documentary "Exit Through The Gift Shop", which, incidentally, opened Boston shortly before this new work (Some critics have called the new work simply a promotion.). The new image, located at 1 Essex Street, Chinatown, shows a man standing with a bucket and pasting material. To his left, the words "Follow Your Dreams" appear beneath the "posted over" (though actually painted) word "Cancelled". This is the second "Banksy" to appear in the Boston area. The other image, at 251 Essex Street, in Central Square, Cambridge, features a finely rendered child with a marker in hand, partially viewed through a childlike drawn house, with a sign "No Loitirin" posted on its front lawn. On a breezy, sunny Sunday afternoon, May 16, 2010, Nathan Child – a visual artist and musician – and I walked from one Banksy to the other, beginning at the newly inked piece, and trudging on foot 'back' to the other Banksy in Cambridge, via the Charles River Esplanade and Massachusetts Avenue Bridge (total distance a little over three miles). I recorded our conversation as we walked, which covered the usual topics: the art in question, music, gossip. Not particularly academic, just two friends enjoying a day off. I regret to have had to delete a conversation we had with a stranger at the first Banksy location, an elderly Asian gentleman who said he'd never heard of the artist. While we were there he struck up several conversations with the steady stream of curious visitors, who posed for photos in front of the work which was partially blocked by a late-model, fully loaded Chrysler. (This was, after all, a pay-for-parking lot.) I added "travel book" descriptions of the area where each piece of conversation took place.

*ALTERNATORS:* Each poem attempts continuum of sangha lineage by alternating lines between poets of previous generations and friends. Source texts: Amina Cain. *I Go To Some*

*Hollow*, Les Figues Press, 2009. Barbara Guest. *The Collected Poems of Barbara Guest*. Wesleyan Univ. Press, 2008. John Keats. *Essential Keats*. Selected by Philip Levine. Ecco, 2006. Gregory Corso. *Gasoline, and The Vestige Lady on Brattle*. City Lights, reprinted 2001. Joanne Kyger. *About Now: Collected Poems*. National Poetry Foundation, 2007. Chogyam Trungpa. *The Pocket Chogyam Trungpa*. Shambhala Press, 2008. W.S. Merwin *The Shadow of Sirius*. Copper Canyon Press, reprint 2009. (for a biased review of this relationship, see Tom Clark's *Naropa Poetry Wars*.) Jack Kerouac. *Desolation Angels*. Perigree, 1980. Elaine Scarry. *On Beauty and Being Just*. Princeton Univ. Press, 2001. Lorine Niedecker. *Collected Works*. Univ. of California Press, 2002. Miyazawa Kenji. *Future Of Ice: Poems and Stories of a Japanese Buddhist*. North Point Press, 1989. JenMarie Davis. *Sometime Soon Ago*. Shadow Mountain Press, 2010. Jack Collom, *Arguing with something Plato Said A Few Environs Poems*). Rocky Ledge, 1990. Joseph Cooper. *Points of Intersection*. Fact-Simile Press, 2009. Maureen Owen. *Erosion's Pull*. Coffee House Press, 2005. John Sakkis. *Rude Girl*. BlazeVox, 2010. Leslie Scalapino. *that they were at the beach (Aeolotropic Series)*. Green Integer, 1992. Travis Macdonald. *N7ostradamus*. BlazeVox books, 2011. John Berryman. *The Dream Songs*. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2007. Elizabeth Guthrie. *Yellow & Red: A Poetic Play*. Black Lodge Press, 2007. Cristina Peri Rossi. *State of Exile*. City Lights, 2008. j/j hastain. *Asymptotic lovers//thermodynamic vents*. BlazeVox books, 2008. Frank O'Hara. *The Collected Poems of Frank O'Hara*. Univ. of California Press, 1995. Cara Benson. *[made]*. BookThug, 2010. Diane Di Prima. *Revolutionary Letters*. Last Gasp, 2007.. Jennifer Rogers. *Periplum Maps Our Star/less Shores*. Livestock Editions, 2006. Eva Švankmajerová. Poems translated by Jennifer Rogers, in manuscript, 2011. Jennifer Karmin. *Aaaaaaaaaaaaaalice*. Flim Forum, 2010. Bernadette Mayer. *A Bernadette Mayer Reader*. New Directions, 1992. Tim Armentrout. Three manuscripts from PendleTrout Press, 2007. Philip Whalen. *On Bear's Head*. Harcourt, 1969.

*The Next Whole Earth Catalog of Withdrawals*: Language assembled during the American mortgage crisis of 2007, derived from *The Next Whole Earth Catalog*. Edited by Stewart Brand. The Co-evolution Quarterly, Issue 27. Sausalito: POINT, October 1980. (see note on "Seven Lost Sonnets"). The editorial page outlines its three-part co-evolution thus,

PURPOSE: We are as Gods and might as well get good at it. So far remotely done power and glory – as via government, big business, formal education, church – has succeeded to the point where gross defects obscure actual gains. In response to this dilemma and to these gains a realm of intimate, personal power is developing –the power of individuals to conduct their own education, find their own inspiration, shape their own environment, and share the adventure with whoever is interested. Tools that aid this process are sought and promoted by The Next Whole Earth Catalog. FUNCTION: TNWEC is an evaluation and access device. With it, the user should know better what is worth

getting and where and how to do the getting. An item is listed in the Catalog if it is deemed: 1. Useful as a tool, 2. Relevant to independent education, 3. High quality or low cost, 4. Easily available by mail. PROCEDURE: We're here to point, not to sell. We have no financial or other obligation to any of the suppliers listed. (No one's ever even tried to buy us, come to think of it.)... To the extent this is a book of things, you can buy them, get them mail order from anywhere in the world. To the extent this is a book of ideas, they come right off the page, yours as soon as you use them." (TNWEC, pg. 2).

In his review of Fred Turner's 2006 book, *From Counterculture to Cyberculture: Stewart Brand, the Whole Earth Network, and the Rise of Digital Utopianism*, Edward Rothstein wrote of the Whole Earth Catalog: "It is a portrait of an age and its dreams...Deerskin jackets and potter's wheels, geodesic domes and star charts, instructions on raising bees and on repairing Volkswagens, advice on building furniture and cultivating marijuana: all this can be found here, along with celebrations of communal life and swipes at big government, big business and a technocratic society." Turner's book "suggests...we are mistaken in thinking that the postwar technological world was dominated by hierarchies and rigid categories. Under the influence of the mathematician Norbert Wiener, it became increasingly common to think of humans and machines as interacting elements of 'cybernetic systems' – organisms through which information flowed... The Whole Earth Catalog featured books, by McLuhan, and Fuller, for instance, appearing alongside macramé and carpentry manuals, their ideas presumably brought to life in the commune, where the natural and human world would be bound together, creating a single organism from which new possibilities would unfold." Cyber-culture was a fulfillment of counterculture, in part, in the way those, such as the editors of *Wired* magazine, would "tear down hierarchies, undermine the sorts of corporations and governments that had spawned them" and replace them with a 'peer-to-peer, collaborative society, interlinked by invisible currents of energy and information.'". However, "so messianic were expectations, that many failed to see that cyberspace was not really a different realm from the hard-wired world of ordinary experience, but would become an extension of it...where the bourgeois world and an imagined frontier would again have to work out their uneasy relations and where these counter-cultures would again face an uncertain future."<sup>90</sup> (Edward Rothstein, "A Crunchy-Granola Path

---

<sup>90</sup> Funded in part by the National Dance Project of the New England Foundation for the Arts. NDP is supported by lead funding from the Doris Duke Charitable Foundation, with additional funding from the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, the Community Connections Fund of the MetLife Foundation, and the Boeing Company Charitable Trust. ICA interpretive programs and [sic] materials are made possible by the Carl and Ruth Shapiro Family Foundation. The ICA's Teen Arts Council and Teen Nights are generously sponsored by Blue Cross Blue Shield of Massachusetts. ICA Teen and Technology programs are supported in part by Google. The

From Macrame and LSD to Wikipedia and Google”. The New York Times, September 25, 2006. Section E, Pg. 3).

*Ambiguous Gesture Towards an End Credit: Sources: filmmakers discussions from *Monsters Are Attacking Tokyo! The Incredible World of Japanese Fantasy Films*. By Stuart Galbraith IV. Venice, CA: Feral House, 1998.*

*Notes & Sources.* Footnote “Funding provided by...”: Financial support notes found in The Institute of Contemporary Art/Boston’s Fall 2011 Programs brochure, accompanying listings for performances, talks & tours, films, courses for adults, teens and families.

---

John Hancock Teen Education Program is made possible by significant support from John Hancock Financial Services. Additional support is provided by The Fuller Foundation Inc., the JPMorgan Chase Foundation, the Rowland Foundation, and the William E. Schrafft and Bertha E. Schrafft Charitable Trust. Teen Programs are made possible in part by a grant from the US Institute of Museum and Library Services. State Street Corporation Free Admission for Youth at the ICA is generously sponsored by State Street. Play Dates are made possible by the Bank of America Charitable Foundation. ICA Free Thursday Nights is made possible by Target. This performance is made possible, in part, with the support of the Cultural Offices of the French Embassy and the Consulate General of France in Boston, MA. The ICA is supported in part by the Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency.

Andrew K. Peterson wrote *Museum of Thrown Objects* (BlazeVox, 2010), *bonjour meriwether and the rabid maps* (a chapbook, Fact-Simile Press, 2011), and two collaborative chapbooks with the word “here” in the titles: *Between Here and the Telescopes* (w/Elizabeth Guthrie), and *Here Come The Groovies* (w/Joseph Cooper). He edits summer stock, an online literary journal published by Livestock Editions, and currently lives in Massachusetts.